MATURITY WITH CLASS

CHIRON RISING ISSUE 68 $5.95

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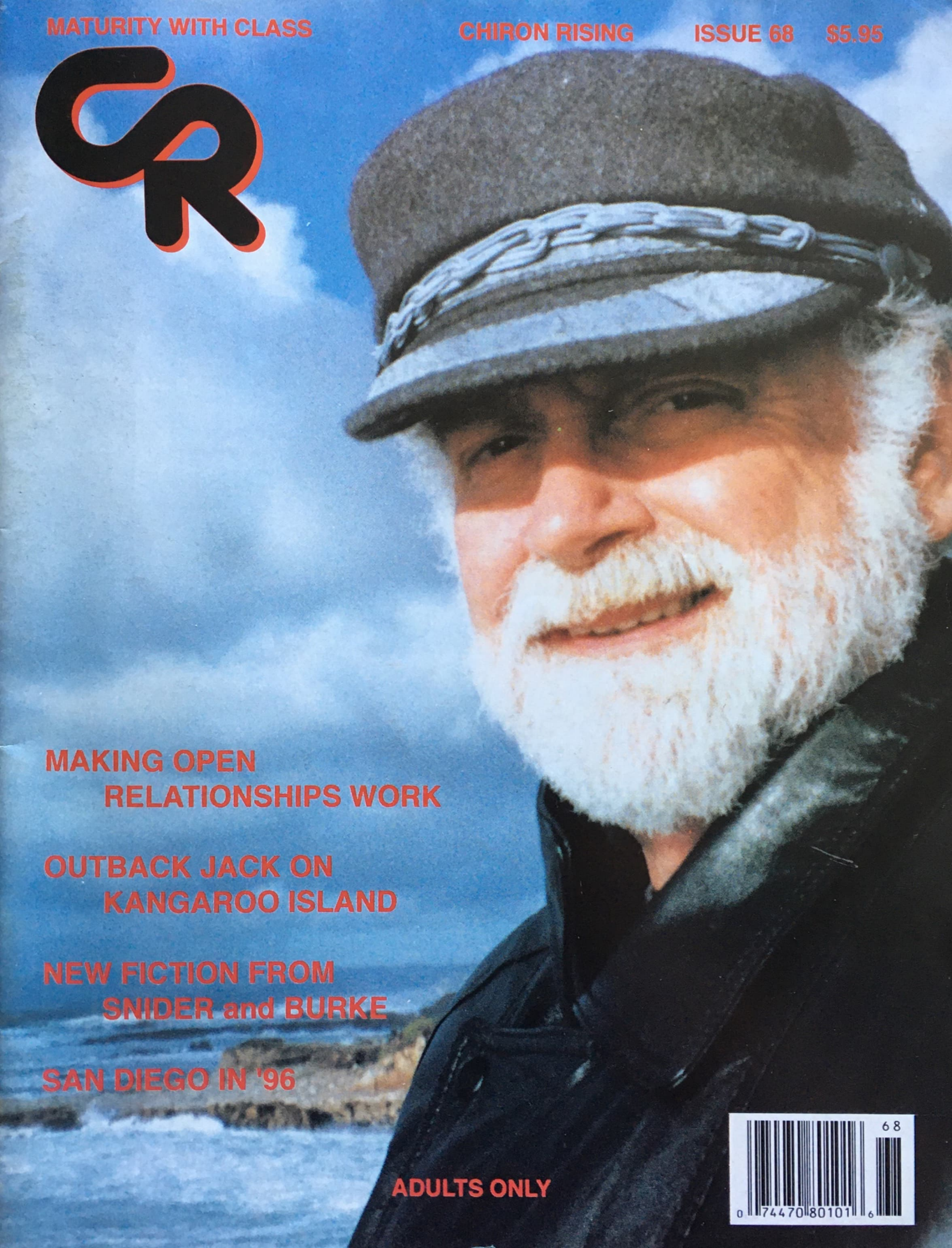

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ISSUE 68

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CR IS A CELEBRATION OF THE MATURE MAN IN ALL HIS MANY SIZES, COLORS AND SEXUAL ORIENTATIONS. OUR GOALS ARE TO PUBLISH THE FINEST ADULT ENTERTAINMENT OF INTEREST TO THE MATURE MAN AND HIS MANY ADMIRERS AND TO PROVIDE OUR READERS WITH A CONTACT NETWORK THROUGH WHICH THEY MAY ENRICH THEIR LIVES WITH NEW FRIENDS, LIFEMATES AND A SENSE OF RENEWED DIGNITY AND BELONGING.

MATURE MEN AND INTERGENERATIONAL VIDEOS WITH CLASS

ROB DADEO

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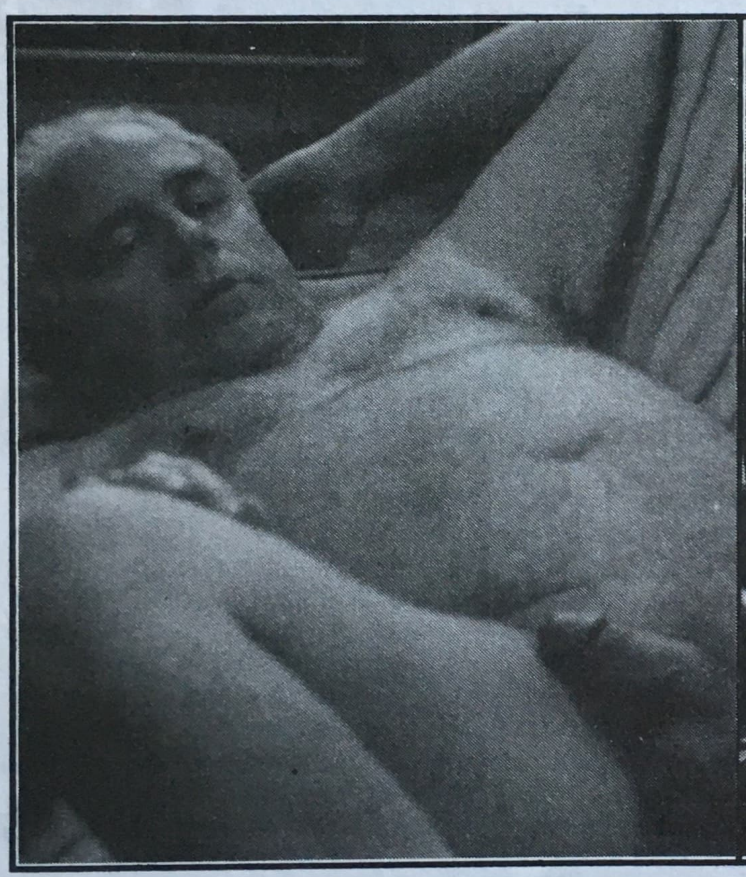

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FORUM

BARNEY, BARNEY, BARNEY!

I just received Classics #6 and didn't put it down till I read it from cover to cover. Every picture and every article was great! My eyes popped and my heart nearly stopped when I saw page 29. What a fantastic spread of BARNEY. He is absolute perfection: his smile is radiant and his body is exquisite! Could you possibly devote an entire issue to BARNEY only from cover to cover, dressed and undressed, from top to bottom and front to back? DON OF THE NORTHWEST

BARNEY is back in Southern California for a few months, and DON has moved to Palm Springs. He is now DON OF THE DESERT. PHC

QUINCUNX

My latest visit to Giovanni's Room in Philadelphia yielded the May/June issue of *Lambda Book Report*, and on page 42 you may enjoy a somewhat dried-up fruit of your hard work of many years. Let's hope that the publication soon will write the same type of glorification of *Quincunx* as it does of *Traitor to the Race*, by Darieck Scott. It appears that the critics are tooting their own horns by placing cute names of their reviews above the title of the book they're reviewing. I will be interested in hearing if the little notice manages to break the ice on the east coast for your book. THE VIKING

I suppose a tiny listing using lines from the book's Foreword is better than nothing. Of course, I'd rather that one of their acid-tongued Time critic wannabees rake my anthology over jagged glass with rapier wit as dazzling as their nose ring, but I think I zeroed out with the gay and lesbian media. One hundred gay publications, 95% of which have a substantially smaller press run than we, apparently took a pass on reviewing Quincunx, *in spite of the fact that two distributors (one gay, one mainstream) quickly picked up the book. Initial sales have been sluggish, but there has been a recent sharp increase in sales to non-gay markets. Experts tell me that we might have a crossover sleeper. In any event, if you want to see the emergence of a publishing house catering to and featuring the works of C-Riser seniors, you must do your part by asking why the book isn't more visible. If you want to see longer published works by CR writers such as BRECKENRIDGE, BURKE, SNIDER, ELMO, ELF, GIRAFFE, CASSADY, etc., you must help us make a stand with* Quincunx. *Demand it at the big bookstore chains. Corner the book buyer at your local gay book store and ask why she doesn't carry it. God knows I've donated my share of blood, sweat, tears and cash. PHC*

Quincunx arrived and it is just perfect! The stories are super, better than advertised, and I've enjoyed every one. I look forward to many rereadings over the years. I hope CR Publications produces many more anthologies, novels, nonfiction, art, poetry, etc., in the same format as *Quincunx*. Please do Breckinridge and Elf anthologies. Elf's anthology could be a combination of his art and stories. That would be *super*! I'm enjoying the first issue of *CRonus*—most erotic, however I would like to see more variety in the pictorial activities. Also some articles on sexual techniques, especially: Massage! Interfemoral, interbrachial, inter-anal frottage! Safe sex, the best bet! Latex protects! And of course SAFE anal intercourse! Don't forget pectoral massage and armpit frottage! ENTHUSIAST/Chicago

PROZAC

In April I received a very sad letter from a man in the Midwest. He told of meeting the love of his life who told him right away that he was HIV positive. Three incredibly beautiful years passed before his partner became ill and lost 70 pounds, finally dying in his arms. He said, "Suicide is still in the forefront of my mind. I am doing everything I can to believe there is a possibility I may live on without Jim. Today I don't ask when I am going to start feeling better. I ask, 'When am I going to stop feeling worse?'" Still distraught over the successful suicide of a man who promised me he would wait until after the Gathering, I aggressively barged into his life like a raging elephant. I must have scared the hell out of him. His response is as follows:

With all the problems you have had to deal with; with all of the chores of making a magazine which is so important to so many of us; with all of the planning that must be done to bring the gathering in Orlando to a conclusion (or will that not be done till the day we meet?), I have burdened you with my problems and you have taken the time and effort to return a thread of hope! Remarkable. I so look forward to meeting this Pat Colley person in Florida. There is no need for you to more than read this note and know that I'll be lurking about in Florida, looking for you. Against the wishes of many of my friends, I have gone on Prozac as the doctor has wanted for the past few months. He asked me what had changed my mind and I said, "You won't understand this, but the answer is Pat." He asked no more, I said no more. Yes, I see a change. Good or not, I am not sure yet. Thank

you for your generosity of spirit and soul at a time when you are being yanked in a dozen different directions. HANGIN' ON/Michigan

Yeah, I'm being yanked one way and another, and I'm saddled with a work load from hell, but the spiritual rewards are awesome. I'm blessed with letters like the above, and I am allowed to soul-mingle with thousands of decent men who are brimming with love to give and who want a kind hand to pull them into the sunlight of the CR family. What a lucky man am I. PHC

REALITY IS COLD

I am happy that you show big, heavy, older, warm, attractive men in all their masculine glory. I have no criticism of the magazine's format. At 33 years of age, I am solitary with no experience or personal friends to speak of, so I anxiously look forward to the few magazines I get in the mail every other month. One-sided admiration is not to be recommended, but reality is cold. To see big men who are happy with their bodies is a joy to me, even if it is in print and not in person. I doubt I would ever find any men who would appreciate my admiration of them, the real world being the way it is. Anyhow, I do look forward to seeing more heavy older men. I'm happy to get CR. Thank you. LONELY ON PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Wouldn't it be wonderful if some Bigman taught L.O.P.E.I. how to become a chaser? We need to bring this young man in from the cold. PHC

P.C.G.O.

The arrogant pomposity of G.O./ San Diego is astounding (FORUM, CR67, "TO GAY OR NOT TO GAY). The masthead clearly states that CR is a publication for MATURE men regardless of their sexual orientation. Approximately one-third of CR readers do not identify themselves as homosexuals, and they do a damn good job of supporting the magazines, and I might add, without petulant nattering. As for "coming out" ... why? What right does anyone have to demand we destroy our families, ourselves, our future, just because some individuals are so apparently insecure with their own orientation that they need support? FLORES/N. California

The views of G.O./San Diego are approved rhetoric for the Gay and Lesbian Community, which is controlled by the solidly entrenched, intransigent, far-left Gay and Lesbian Media. Have an opposing view? Don't hold your breath as you wait for some newsmagazine to air it. Read any of the glut of gay and lesbian newspapers in all cities with a modicum of "out" lesbians and gays, and you get a sense of deja vu. They report on the same national and international stories (all gleaned from the big rags), run the same ads (with the same straight models), report any AIDS-related news (regardless how meaningless), rave about the local drag divas, and glorify the society scene with sleazy bar gossip. The bigger gay and lesbian newsmagazines have their strident editors and bitchy "critics" who control what the gay and lesbian masses should read. What few articles published about the organizations and publications catering to older and/or bigger men are invariably derisive (witness the *Advocate* article entitled "JURASSIC PARTS") or tongue-in-cheek (any article I've ever read about Girth & Mirth). They consider our form of homosexuality as fetishism. Aware of their sad reputation of ignoring seniors, a couple of these "gay mainstream" publications wrote embarrassingly insipid and error-ridden articles based on any source but the correct one. Granted, *Frontiers* Magazine in Los Angeles, interviewed Prime Timers in their last attempt (friends tell me PT has become much more PC, much to the delight of the gay mainstream), but the article incredibly ignored CR. A friend who used to work for the *Orange County Blade* says that the editors of most Southern California-based gay magazines loath CR's publisher for taking them all to task for writing such poor and insulting articles about seniors. Perhaps that's why I've yet to see a review of Colley's book or a notice of the Orlando Convention. Why do they report on Naomi Campbell's semi-strip in a Manhattan lesbian bar while ignoring a convention for 1,000 predominantly gay men. If 1,000 drag queens held a convention, it would be on page one! H.C./ San Diego

AN IRATE POSTAL WORKER

I must take umbrage with Pat Colley and Bruce Vaughan. That's right, Big Daddy Bruce. Have you ever noticed that when "It" hits the fan, Pat gets covered and Bruce, standing to one side with a cute smile, comes out smelling like a rose. Well not this time, Brucie Baby. Sources tell me that Pat held the pen but YOU gave it life. I'm referring to the scathing attack on the Postal Service in issues #66. Phrases such as *outrageous increase, lapsing into chaos, erroneously marked, contents mangled, theft is rampant,* and *horny male postal workers* (kinda liked that one) piss me off. As an active, dues-paying member of the USPS, that article made me want to load my AK47, gas up the white Ford Bronco, and head West! Are YOU talking to ME!? You're lucky, Buddy Boys (notice the plural, Bruce), because I'm out of ammo and gas, but as soon as our raise comes through ... need I elaborate? YOU TALKING TO ME? TO **ME**?? Shall we dispel some myths while creating others? We still process and deliver more mail, more economically than any other industrialized nation. And for a magazine as well-written, edited and photographed as CR, would anyone dispute a postal increase no matter HOW HIGH to receive their timely copy of CR? HELLOOOOOO ... And as for lapsing into chaos, we have a multi-billion-dollar plan to wrap each piece of California-bound mail in waterproof envelopes, just in case the "Big One" makes California a neighbor of Atlantis. Are we on top of it or what? Erroneously marked? Millions of pieces are delivered correctly each day. There are mistakes, but we're human. It's just

that the mail keeps coming and coming, second after second, minute after minute, hour after hour, day after day. And then the fucking catalogs. It just makes one want to mangle someone or something ... Uh ... Speaking of mangled: Shit Happens. Our machines are not human, and it still happens. Probably always will. We are SO SORRY. But, get over it! Remember: "We deliver for you." Theft is rampant? Well, I don't know about that, but there's a lot of it. The postal service is cracking down, though. Here are some tips to lessen your chances of getting ripped off. If you *must* send cash, disguise well in a security envelope. On holidays, birthdays, special occasions, those brightly colored envelopes are a tip-off that cash may accompany that card. Keep the cheeriness on the inside, and use a plain white envelope. Anything of value should be insured. Keep receipts for contents. Important and valuable documents should be sent by certified or registered mail. Did I mention we are spending zillions on a new commemorative stamp? It's Dave Thomas of Wendy's mooning Ronald McDonald. Who wants to help me lick that stamp? Anyway, on to *Address Unknown, Moved-Left No Forwarding Address, Insufficient Address.* If you live in an apartment, please have your name and number on your box. Don't make us guess. Better I send it back to Bruce than to deliver it to your neighbor. Your regular mail person gets sick, goes on vacation, changes routes. The "fill in" does not know you are the 10th box from the left with no name on it. When you move, fill out a change of address card promptly, not three weeks after the fact. This will cause your mail to be returned to sender. If you are using a P.O. Box for the first time, let the clerks get to "know" you by throwing regular mail in your box for a couple of weeks, THEN subscribe for your adult material. Once your mag is thrown in a wrong box, your chances of getting it back are slim. The recipient could be a homophobe or too embarrassed to return it. So out it goes. Then, of course, you assume your mail has been stolen. I personally have "lost" one issue and had another one arrive two weeks late over a period of seven years of receiving Swan/Chiron Rising. I know there are horror stories out there, but remember: Humans + machines X billions of pieces of mail = a % of mistakes. Still not satisfied? Refer to paragraph on "mangled." And remember, guys, the postman always shoots—ah, let's make that *comes*—twice!! *Hasta la vista,* Baby. BRAINDEAD FROM THE EAST

We look forward to BRAINDEAD's coming out to punish us. We hope he doesn't bring the AK47, however. His fat pink .44 Magnum will do nicely. PHC

ABSOLUTE CLASS

I've learned I have bone cancer. It's in my spine and ribs. All this time, I worried about AIDS and prostate cancer, while five members of my close family have died of cancer. I will not attend the '95 Gathering, because I have just started chemotherapy. I would like to donate my space to someone else, however. This man should be at least 60 years old and needy. I do not wish to be known as the donor. Your pal. (model's name and location withheld)

BULL SHIT FROM ALL SIDES

I'm 28 and live in upstate New York. The discovery of your magazine has proven significant to me and I'd like to share the reasons why. First off, I came out as a "gay man" at the age of fifteen. I think it wasn't due so much to my courage, but instead those that came before me. I strongly believe that the lack of trauma I endured as a teenager was in direct relation to the suspect criticism and ignorance that the gay men and women of the 1950s and 60s fought. For this, I am deeply grateful. However, I find it not only sad but infuriating that my "X-Generation" often appears hostile toward our cherished and brave older members. Whether my experiences have only been strange occurrences, or if indeed they are not uncommon, I would like to explain just why your publication has become so important to me. Though I "came out" at fifteen, it has taken nearly thirteen additional years to truly "come out" in regards to my sexual preference. I have always been—and most likely will continue to be—attracted to men much my senior from the time I turned 18 (nice and legal). It was this age group that I naturally found myself drawn to. Unfortunately, however, I soon learned that even the gay community often rejected these "transgenerational" relationships. Comments like, "Nice merchandise" and "Maybe you should ask Daddy first" became too familiar. Though it angered me—and I didn't understand the community rejection—I was desperate to at least fit in somewhere. And so instinctively I began hiding what I desired and again entered a new closet. It is only recently that I have taken a stand against this bull shit and once again begun my hunt for the Silver Fox. And even though I am now 28 with 30 approaching quickly, I continue to encounter this bigotry. Recently I went to a bar in Manhattan that is often patronized by many drop-dead handsome older gentlemen. I was approached several times and asked if I was a hustler or "working" as it was put. Finally, after the third interrogation, I responded, "Apparently that seems to be the general consensus," and left in a huff, back to my unrealized fantasies and lubricant. Am I the only one who encounters this crap? Is it my shoes or the way I part my hair? I look at photos like that of HERMAN THE GERMAN and MAVERICK and my desire is so strong it hurts. Believe me, if money was going to be exchanged for having sex with these men, I'd be the one making compulsive trips to the cash machine! Lastly, thank you so much for your fantastic publication. Not only do you have some beautiful men, but your magazine makes me feel warm as well! Please, let me know what you think of my predicament. I am most definitely open to suggestions. B.R./New York

When I worked in New York back in the late sixties (I was 27), I went through the same bull shit at the Menemsha, Paul Revere and Yukon (none of which exist now but are very similar to the bar you are talking about). Being new to New York and very unsophisticated, I became intimidated and defensive, but I just couldn't stay away. Then, along came George, a fun-loving, extraordinarily handsome, fearless young man who took me under his wing and taught me how to defuse the suspicion with humor. Eventually we slept with so many men that every Grey Fox in Manhattan knew that we were "okay." My advice to B.R. is to try the bar again and laugh if the subject comes up again. Some older fans of younger men drop questions just to test a young stranger's reaction. If you like the guy, invite him out to dinner on you. A couple of scores, and the whole bar will know you're okay. PHC

CRONUS

I have just received my first issue of the new magazine *CRonus*, and I wanted to write immediately and tell you how impressed I am with your classy publication. I have been a subscriber for a year and also purchased many back issues. So for quite some time I have been having crushes on many of your wonderful models. Even though you do publish nude photos, and with the exception of CRC #2, there is not much more in them than posing. I had always imagined what some of those same models would look like in a sexual situation. And boy you delivered on that one! I can't believe my good luck. Many thanks to the many models who willingly partook in the various scenes, and even more thanks to you for having the guts to see that this publication was born. I look forward to many, many more glorious issues, hopefully more color than not. Good luck. J.K./Brooklyn

Twenty-three long days waiting for *CRonus* #1. One quick look today, and I'm willing to book it will never make it as a yearly publication. Way too much of a demand for more, more, more to wait a whole year! Not a bad shot in the lot. How about an invitation to the orgy? Bravo! C.B./Michigan

Thank you for including me in the group eligible to receive the first issue of *CRonus*. Wow! If you can get KONA JIM and EX-LOGGER to pose for #2, I'll put you in my will. Good luck in Orlando. I wish I could attend. T.T./Texas

LOVE IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE

In the FORUM in issue #66, we published a letter from C.H./Washington. The man was convinced that he saw no probability through our pages of ever meeting the sort of man he was hoping for as a partner in the wilderness. Okay, so we struck out, but HE didn't. PHC

Since I last wrote to you I have—right here in a most unlikely frontier territory—engaged with a new partner my age (we'd been friends for a year without really "knowing" one another) who is like, in stability and affection, my former (till he died of brain cancer) partner: a real soul mate as you and Bruce obviously are. Your work is gracious, great: I'll not forget it. C.H./Washington

OF COURSE, IT'S OUR FAULT

I've waited for the back issues I ordered for over four months, and you've ignored my four letters of complaint. I've formally complained to the post office and have told all my friends that you are nothing but a cheap ripoff. J.K./New York

We have a growing list of customers who order everything we have and give a box number that isn't valid. All of the material is returned to us. Our follow-up letters (in case the post office erred) are also returned. All we can do is sit idly by as the customer's letters of complaint grow more hostile. Unfortunately some never figure it out and give up, convinced that we screwed them. PHC

TWINS

I like the idea of having identical twins in CR and hope you do it often. AUSSIE I AND II are very fine, but I was especially intrigued by the two MICHIGAN MONTEs. I've heard before of identical twins being separated at birth, but this is the first example I've seen where one was raised as a Jew and the other a Christian. Both are handsome men (although the Jewish Monte *is* a bit more clean-cut) and I'd like to see more of them. J.K./North Carolina

MORE

My complaint about CR is the same as everyone else's: We want more! After 67 successful issues, has it become feasible yet for a CR monthly format? How about more pages? More color photos? More RAM men? Video sequels? Can bi-coastal headquarters be far behind? Congratulations for 9 great years! T.K./Ohio

Counting this one, the Classics issues and the CRonus issue, the tally is now at 74, which is how old I feel. We will be incorporating next month and possibly taking on some investing officers, so extending CR Classics to six issues a year isn't out of the question. If those companies catering to the older crowd would wise up and advertise with us instead of the X-Generation rags, we could add more pages, more color, and an all-glossy format PHC

LAMBDA GRAY

How pleased we all are that CR has published a wonderful review of Lambda Gray in issue #67. There are a number of people who have contributed to this excellent book on the experience of Old/Older/Senior/Elder persons of our community. Their wisdom give the book a long shelf life, the

verity of their statements is profound. Because not all book stores carry it, we suggest that interested people call the publisher directly and order a copy: Newcastle Publishers, P.O. Box 7589, Van Nuys, CA 91409, telephone number (213) 873-3191. They fill orders promptly. How proud we are that Eugene Wagner had such praise for Morris Kight. We share the high praise he expressed. Profound thanks, Bob Dallmeyer/Los Angeles

Bob Dallmeyer was the author of "Morris Kight: Peaceful Revolutionary," published in CR in 1988. PHC

MARRIED MANLOVERS, REVISTED

I haven't written for some time, but there is a reason for that, and it might be instructive, since it amplifies the reasoning in the "Married Manlovers" (CR #58, page 17) piece. You may remember I thought it best for many people not to seek divorce and, in fact, not to come out of the closet to their wives at all. How I wish I had followed my own advice! At least now I have a measure of the validity of that advice. Over New Years weekend, my wife and I visited my alcoholic brother and his wife. It was truly a weekend from Hell, but I won't bore you with the details. It helped me decide that I had to tell my wife of my lifelong love for men. The reason is that I had been almost entirely impotent with her for several years. She blamed herself for this each time we failed at sex—saying she was too fat, too old, too uninteresting ... whatever. The amazing thing is that even with all the reading I had done on depression, I failed to recognize that she herself was a victim. There's a lot more to the story, but it's enough to say that she left for about five or six weeks, stayed with her son and her friends, and just now has been declared enough improved by our excellent doctor to need no more checkups with him for two months. That's after being on antidepressants since early January and with regular mental health visits to a counselor, which will continue. It's been quite an ordeal for us both, but at least she is—or seems to be—on the road to recovery. She has not been able to tolerate being by herself much, especially at night, so I'm working earlier, which means 4 hours of commuting for 6 hours of work, with no separate social life at all. I decided to make her recovery my only goal for as long as it takes, though. So, you see? I repeat my original advice: don't get married, but if you already are, keep your mouth shut and hope you can find a relationship that works with your situation! HOLLING THOMAS/Washington

NO, YOU'RE NOT ALONE

I would just like to tell you how much your publications have changed my life. I am a 20-year-old college student who has just come to accept his sexual orientation, as well as his fascination with older men, with your help. Before that day I bought the *CR Classics* issue with EX-LOGGER on the cover. I thought I was the only one in the entire world with my unique tastes. Your magazines have shown me that there are plenty of people just like myself. It is my dream to attend one of your gatherings, but the way my life is right now makes that impossible. I hope someday that I will have the courage to come at least partially out of the "closet." Thanks again—and by the way, I love each and every one of you! David/Maryland

MOJAVE

I have just received your new video of "Mojave." It is terrific! The lovemaking is great, and the quality of the video is excellent. The color is just right. This video shows how wonderful sex can be with another man, without participating in unsafe sex. I must also add that the packaging of the video was first rate, which shows a lot of care went into the packaging. You can rest assured that "Mojave" will not be lent out to anyone for copying. I take great care with my video collection. J.C./New York

We place our videos in padded video mailers, affix warning labels, wrap them in bubble wrap, then pack them inside a square box that doesn't look remotely like a video mailer. Not one video has been confiscated overseas. For those of you who purchase our videos in retail stores in the east, odds are that they are pirated and vastly inferior in quality. Even in California, many of those displayed in stores have been pirated. That's the video business. On the positive side, a censored version will soon go on sale throughout Asia, in spite of some pirated, uncensored versions selling on the black market. Want a first generation copy? Buy from us. PHC

WE'RE EVERYWHERE! WE'RE EVERYWHERE!

On the local TV (KSBW, channel 8, serving Salinas, Santa Cruz and Monterey, CA) last night, they were interviewing people who were filing tax returns. One of the people they talked to in Salinas—a distinguished looking older gentleman—was wearing a CR cap! No, it definitely wasn't a Colorado Rockies hat! M.J./Santa Cruz

SUICIDE INTERVENTION

Dear Pat: By the time you receive this letter, my life will have come to an end on my own terms and by my own decision. I wanted to communicate with you to let you know about a couple of things and allow myself to say a few personal comments. I had been living recently with a tremendous number of evils that had been extremely difficult to accept as a way of life. Much of my dilemma dealt with phenomenal feelings of low self-worth and failure as a human which I could not control. I honestly do not think I could ever explain how bad it really got, except to say that I chose not to accept any help for my problems due to my own self-destructive behavior. It may sound crazy to you, but I honestly felt that I had to find my own way to resolve this,

and killing myself was my choice. Many people would say that I was not in my right mind to make such a decision, but believe me when I tell you that it had been something I had thought of for many, many months. As for my personal comments, I want you to know that I really appreciated everything that you tried to do to help me. Unfortunately, I did not have the courage nor the faith to believe in myself. Trust me when I tell you that there was nothing you could have done to change my mind. Pat, I want you to know that I do carry one regret: I'm sorry that I didn't have the will to live long enough to attend the gathering in Orlando. I honestly believe, as you mentioned in your last letter, that if I had gone, my life would have changed profoundly. I just didn't have the patience to wait any longer, and I couldn't see myself letting anyone share or care for the pain I was going through. Please give my registration fee to someone in need. Enclosed you will find the latest story I was working on. I hope you can find the courage to finish it for me. I know that many people will never fully understand the difficulties I experienced or possibly forgive me (or themselves) for finding a way to help me through these times I experienced. Trust me when I tell you that I appreciate the thoughts and concern, but there really wasn't anything anybody could have done to have changed my mind. I leave you with the following words: Remember me as I was and not what I had become. We were able to share many wonderful moments together in the past and be aware that I smiled for all those cherished times. With tremendous admiration and love ... Luis Maldonado

Jose Luis Maldonado was an assistant professor of music at Central Michigan University in Mt. Pleasant when he first subscribed and began corresponding with us. He was probably the greatest Euphonium artist in the world, having won the International Euphonium Competition twice in a row. He was the very first person to earn a doctorate in Euphonium at the University of Michigan, which has one of the finest music schools in the world.

This past year, his world began to crumble. His father died, and he broke up with one lover, then another. But after a faculty evaluation for tenure and reappointment stated that he needed to improve on "professional collegiality," he became dissatisfied with teaching and, worse, more and more unhappy with his life. He went into a tailspin and even considered coming to work for us in order to start a new career and develop his computer skills. We were interested, but his depression worsened, and he first spoke to me of suicide. I tried to talk him into seeing a doctor, but he refused. I did manage to get him to promise not to kill himself until after the gathering in Orlando.

He became worse. He gave away his almost priceless Euphonium and all his belongings. His fellow faculty members became alarmed and arranged for an "intervention" (medical detention, observation, medication)with the police and mental health authorities. Unfortunately, he got wind of it and left town. A fellow brass musician secretly took him in temporarily but never took his threats of suicide seriously.

Luis, having severed communication with all his family, friends and acquaintances, drove to Chicago and stayed several days. On his way back, he stopped off in Battle Creek and drank heavily in a bar for hours. Around midnight he left and drove to an abandoned house in Ceresco, just south of Battle Creek. During the first hours of March 1, 1995, he pulled two cans of gasoline from the trunk of the car, walked inside, and poured the gasoline around the perimeter of the living room, as if he'd planned the event in detail. He ignited the gasoline then deeply slit his own throat with a hunting knife. It was methodical. It was savage. It was the brutal murder of self.

I pondered this news for days. Later, his fellow faculty members sent me a news clipping, which featured his photograph. Such a handsome, stocky, bearded young man in his late thirties. A radiant smile, intelligent eyes, full of promise and life.

I was angry at first. It seemed so stupid to choose heinous suicide over taking a goddamned pill that can effectively treat a manic-depressive. I was furious that he'd broken his promise about coming to Orlando. I was disappointed in myself for not trying harder, for not somehow financing his flying down here so that I could get him some help. Then I re-read the news clipping again. Apparently Luis' boss also received a suicide letter and was quoted: "It just goes against your human nature to believe anyone could do something like this." And then it hit me. Who among us could possibly grasp the concept of compulsive, senseless suicide? Who could stop the mounting self-rage in Luis' head? Where was the real Luis when the malevolence gained enough strength to take control and savage its host?

But for the balance of brain chemicals, there go I, or you. For someone with a terminal illness or someone suffering interminable, untreatable pain, perhaps suicide is an option. For Luis, there was an effective treatment, and had his fellow faculty members not failed in their attempt at intervention, he would certainly be alive today.

If you have a friend or loved one who begins to act strangely and talk of suicide, don't preach to him or assume that you know a whit about what is going on in his head. Don't presume that you possess the ability to gauge the seriousness of his threat. Save him before it's too late. Call your (or his) doctor, your local police, or your state board of health. Talk to someone in authority about **intervention**. *PHC*

ANNOUNCEMENTS

PRELIMS ON ORLANDO

The Spring '95 Gathering is now history, but we'll wait until the photos and letters get in before we give you the whole story in CR #69. Some statistics for you to ponder:

1. Total addendees - 1,205
2. Largest Function - Dinner Show (930 in attendance)
3. Standing ovations - 11
4. Staff supervisors - 5
5. Staff hosts - 15
6. Workshop Speakers - 6
7. Dinner Show Entertainers - 8
8. Cabaret Entertainers - 11
9. Hotel Rooms Filled - 550
10. Unfounded Panic Rumors - 4
11. CR Hall of Fame Inductees - 22
12. Ejaculations (estimated) - 3,514
13. Arrests - 0
14. Evictions - 0
15. Complaints by hotel - 0
16. Deaths - 0
17. Psychos banned from future con ventions - 1

(619) 868-6371

You'll note that we are now publishing our telephone/fax number. We do this reluctantly and mainly for the benefit of those who wish to send faxes. Since we do not accept card charges, we've always maintained that voice contact is not necessary except in matters of great importance. That's why we've given our telephone number limited exposure by placing it on our letterhead but not publishing it. Inasmuch as the number will now get wide exposure (and in light of the fact that I was just duped into accepting a collect call from some guy who wanted to know if we'd received his request for a donated subscription), we have implemented the following limitations:

1. Voice/voice or voice/answering machine contact will be possible between the hours of 9 am and 5 pm Pacific time, Monday through Friday only.
2. Fax contact will be possible 24 hours a day, seven days a week.
3. No collect calls will be accepted.
4. We haven't the time nor the resources to return calls regarding inquiries about matters which are adequately covered in the magazine or which should be handled in writing.
5. We haven't the time to field "chit-chat" calls or follow-up calls confirming the receipt of something.

Your cooperation will be greatly appreciated. We firmly believe that these changes will result in a quicker response time to correspondence. Unneccessary telephone conversations currently take up approximately 1/6 of our time.

CHIRON RISING ON-LINE

CR readers now has their very own electronic mailing list! C-Risers will be able to meet and converse via the Internet. If you subscribe to an on-line service that provides access to Internet mail (such as America On-Line, Prodigy, Netcom, etc.) then you're all set to go! For those unfamiliar with the mailing list concept, it is quite simple. A user sends mail to one e-mail address, and the message is then copied and sent to all the members of the mailing list. For example, a user would send a message to **chiron-rising@vector.casti.com** and then everyone subscribed to the list would receive a copy of that message in their private mailbox. By replying to messages and sending new messages, a conversation usually gets started. To join the mail list, just send an e-mail message to **majordomo@vector.casti.com** with the following line as the text of the message:

subscribe chiron-rising

That's it! There should be nothing else in the text of message and the subject of the message doesn't matter. The mailing list processor will then send you a confirmation message and some information about the list. When you receive confirmation that your subscription was successful, then you're ready to start sending mail to the list. If you have any questions regarding the list or the Internet in general, mail them to **chiron-rising-owner@vector.casti.com.** (Note: Operated by CR readers, not Chiron Rising Publications. You cannot reach CR through this service.)

CHIRON RISING IN THE DOG HOUSE

Over the past six months we've encountered a growth pattern we never dreamt possible. Of course, we're elated over the growth, but the occasional attendant chaos grates against our love of order and excellence. What was once merely difficult is now impossible. Until we solve our staffing problems, the backlog of correspondence and less-critical business will continue to grow as the daily mail "triage" dictates priorities.

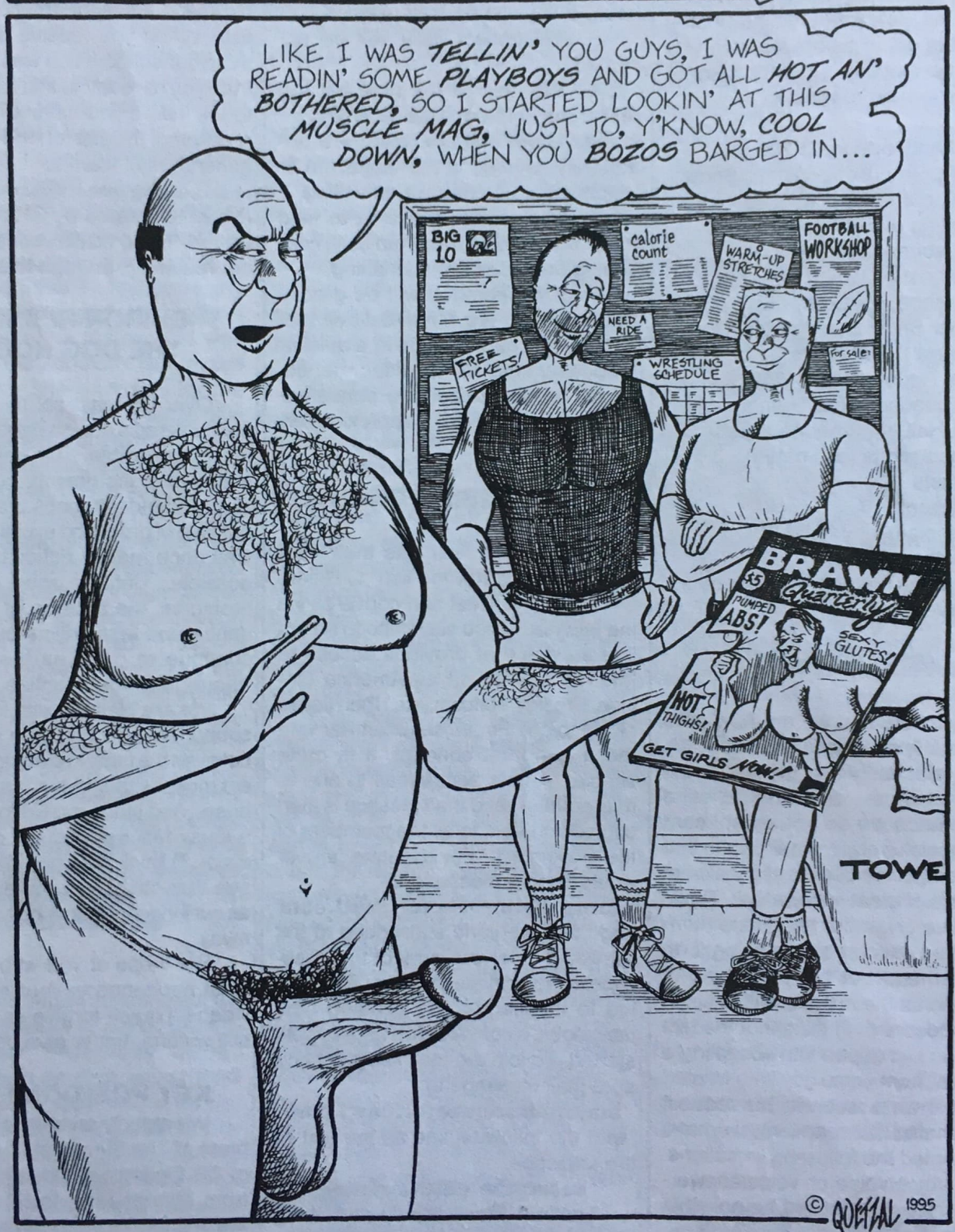
We are blessed with lots of sharp supporters willing to dive in and help, but even the most knowledgeable helpers must be taught our maze of a data base. And since our Editor-in-Chief is a lousy teacher and too quick to exclaim, "I think he's got it!" We never see that chunk of data disappearing as our innocent helper obliviously clicks away.

For those of you who had to ask what happened to your magazine or videos, please forgive us. For those still waiting, better give us a call.

KEY POSITION FILLED

We proudly announce the appointment of The Synergist to the position of CR Operations Manager. He hails from Minneapolis, is 52 and single. We will profile him further in the next issue.

COACH BIGGS


LIKE I WAS TELLIN' YOU GUYS, I WAS READIN' SOME PLAYBOYS AND GOT ALL HOT AN' BOTHERED, SO I STARTED LOOKIN' AT THIS MUSCLE MAG, JUST TO, Y'KNOW, COOL DOWN, WHEN YOU BOZOS BARGED IN...
BIG 10
calorie count
WARM-UP STRETCHES
FOOTBALL WORKSHOP
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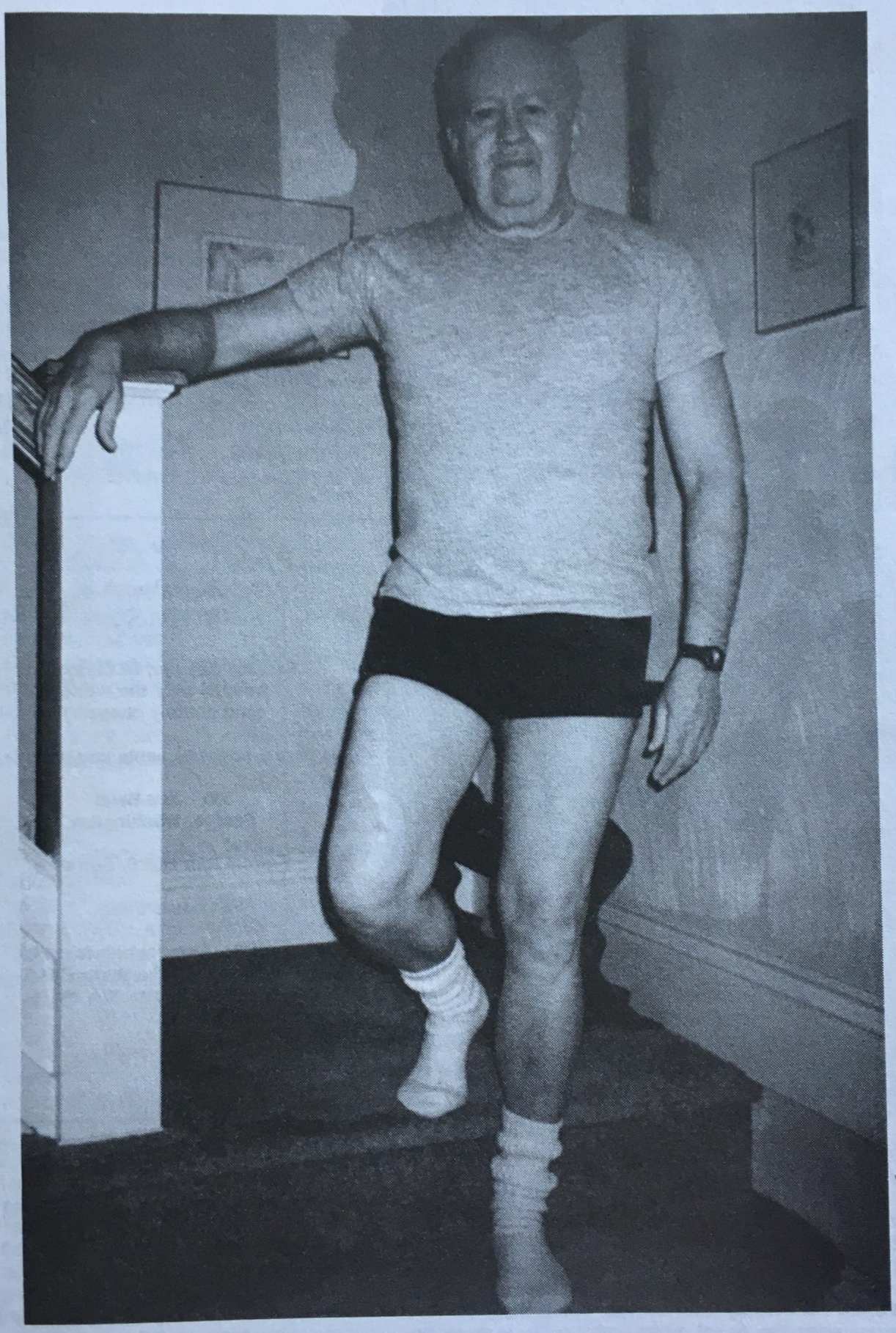

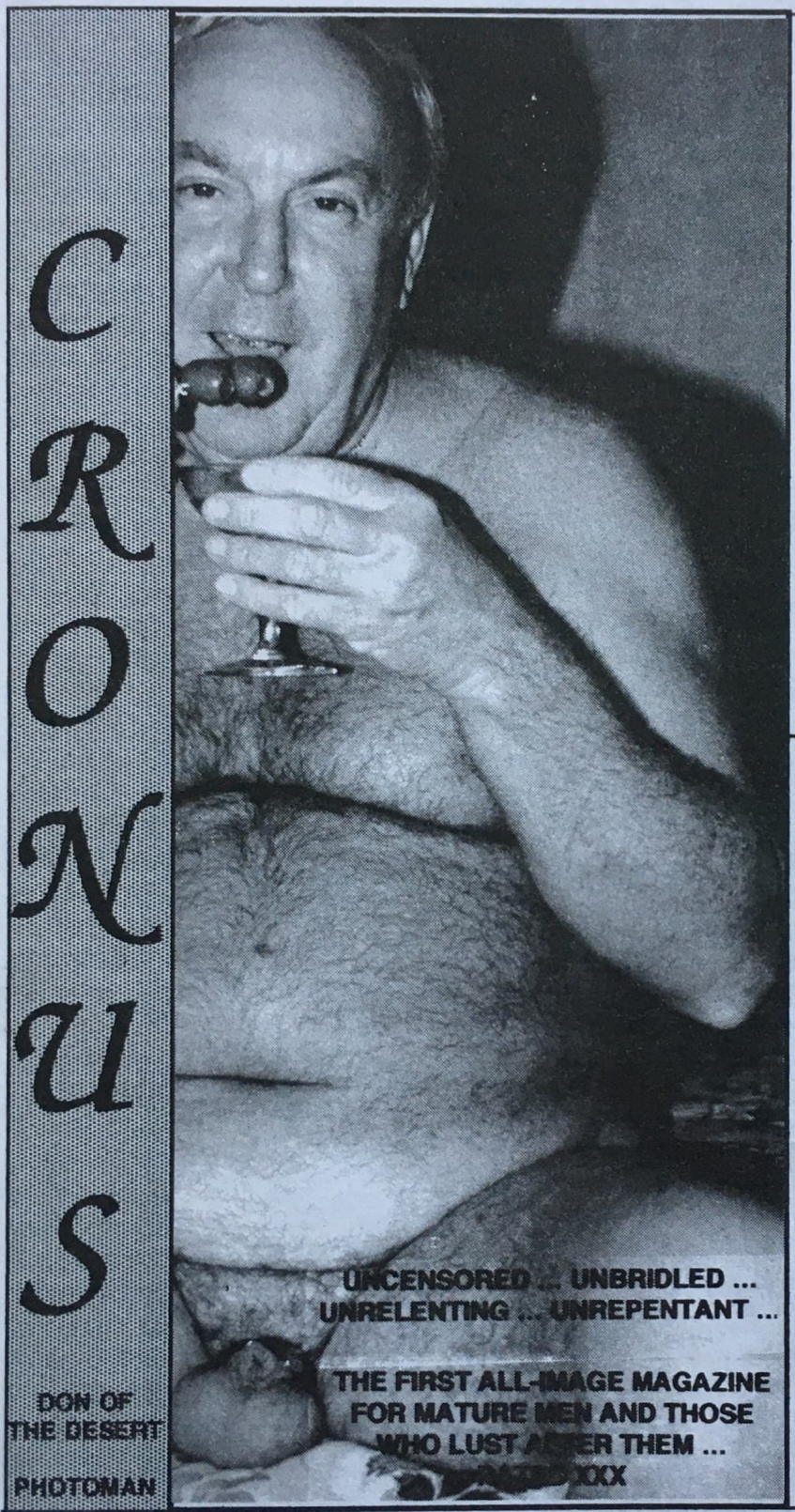

THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS

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SAMSON & HOMAN

Are Japan's celebrated alternative gay magazines. They feature excellent color photography and artwork for connoisseurs of Japanese men. SAMSON (all ages and sizes): In Japanese, 275 pp. Published monthly. For current issue, send 2,000 ¥ (Japanese Yen) or U.S. $20. Payment for one issue must be in cash only. For a 6-month subscription (6 issues), send 13,500 ¥ in bank transfer or money order. For a 12-month subscription (12 issues), send 24,000 ¥ in bank transfer or money order. Payee should read KAIMEI-KAN. All prices include air mail postage. Cash should be sent well disguised via registered mail. Send payment, along with name and address to: KAIMEI-KAN, Overseas Division, P.O. Box 66, Ueno Post Office, Taito-ku, Tokyo, Japan 110-91. HOMAN (older and heavier): In Japanese, 132 pp. Published 3 or 4 times a year and available by single copy only. Send 3,000 ¥ or U.S.$23 (cash only) to: KOFU-SHA, P.O. Box 133, Ueno Post Office, Taito-ku, Tokyo, Japan 110-91. Note: Japanese authorities do not permit explicit nudity in magazines, but these publications are still quite sizzling.

HOW?

ALL YOUR LITTLE NAGGING QUESTIONS ABOUT CR ARE ANSWERED RIGHT HERE.

HOW TO DECIPHER THE CODE ON YOUR ADDRESS LABEL

The date shown (8/95, 11/95, etc.) indicates when your last issue will arrive. An "S" signifies that you will automatically receive all interim CR CLASSICS issues until your subscription expires. A "V" (VIP) reveals that you are a long-time supporter and someone we especially value. Being a VIP has its advantages. An asterisk means that you owe us money; a "C", that you have a credit due. Disregard any other notations.

WHAT PRODUCTS DO WE SELL?

MAGAZINES:

Chiron Rising (pronounced KY-RON)- a mildly erotic relationship-oriented publication featuring fiction, essays, reviews, poetry, photography, artwork and personal ads.

CR Classics - a soft core erotic publication featuring fiction, photography and artwork.

CRonus - a hard core erotic publication featuring photography and artwork.

ADULT VIDEOS:

"Quadraplex", starring ROB DADEO and SYRINX

"Mojave", starring HERMAN THE GERMAN, ZEEK, and SYRINX

"The Gallery," featuring RAM's entire repertory and some of our super models.(Coming late 1995.)

BOOKS:

Quincunx ... a collection of short fiction by P.H. Colley.

HOW DID WE GET THAT FUNNY NAME?

CHIRON RISING is named after a comet called "Chiron," which has an orbit near that of Pluto. Astrologers don't agree on the significance of the placement of this celestial body in a natal chart, but the astrological community has seen fit to chart its movement. Bruce and I both have Chiron smack on our rising signs in our natal charts. In other words, we both have **Chiron ... rising**.

HOW OFTEN DO WE PUBLISH AND SHIP?

CR - Around the first of each even month. Subscribers can expect their issues to arrive sometime between the first and the tenth of the month. Book stores should have CR on their shelves by the second or third week of the month. Those book stores serviced by wholesalers may take longer. *CR CLASSICS* - Around the first of May and the first of November. Mailing and shipping intervals are the same as above.

HOW TO BECOME A CR MODEL

If you are 18 or over and want to become a CR model, send us a sharply focused, well-contrasted 35 mm color or black & white photo of yourself. Can't find a good photo? Then get a good photographer to take some shots. If you want us to publish a clothed portrait, go to a professional photographer. Please don't send Polaroids, sex shots with obvious penetration, photos with half your head or penis missing, or portraits of yourself standing 100 feet away. Avoid high-noon bright sunlight (it shadows your eyes) and straight-on flashes (they project dark shadows on the wall behind you). If we accept your photo for publication, we will send you a release form. You can then tell us what code name you'd like to use and write out your biographical sketch for publication. If you want your photo returned, send us a stamped return envelope (Foreign: IRC or $1 cash) AFTER it is published. Photos must be cropped in most cases to fit in the allotted space, so please don't send your last print. DO NOT SUBMIT PHOTOS WHICH ARE SIMILAR TO OR ACTUALLY THOSE BEING CONSIDERED FOR PUBLICATION IN ANOTHER MAGAZINE. DO NOT SUBMIT PHOTOS WHICH HAVE ALREADY BEEN PUBLISHED ELSEWHERE.

HOW TO BECOME A SWAN VIDEO MODEL

I'f you're a real sizzler who isn't shy in front of a video camera and can handle stardom, send us some photos. C-Risers, any age, any size, any color. Couples still in the throes of wild passion are especially of interest. Liberal compensation, plus expenses.

HOW TO WRITE TO CR MODELS, WRITERS, ETC.

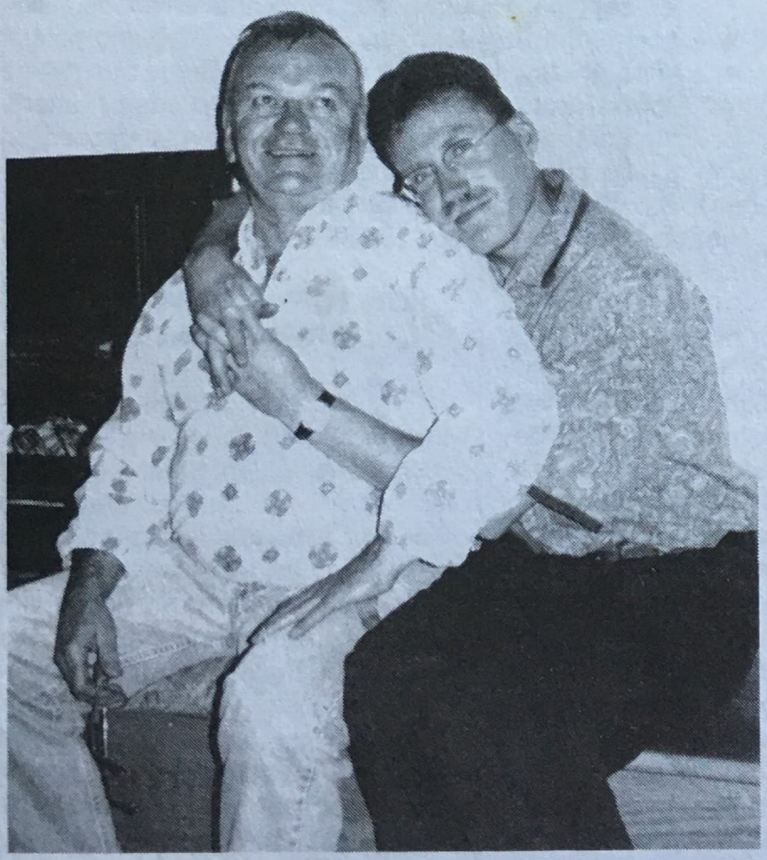
Follow the instructions for answering a coded ad in the CR CLASSIFIEDS. Write, seal and stamp your fan letter, then write in pencil (NOT INK, BUT PENCIL) the name of the model/writer/etc. in the center of the envelope. Place that envelope inside a slightly larger envelope and send it to us for forwarding. Remember, some contributors get hundreds of letters, so be patient. If you want unsolicited photos returned, don't send them without a self-addressed, stamped envelope (SASE).

HOW TO SUBMIT MATERIAL FOR PUBLICATION

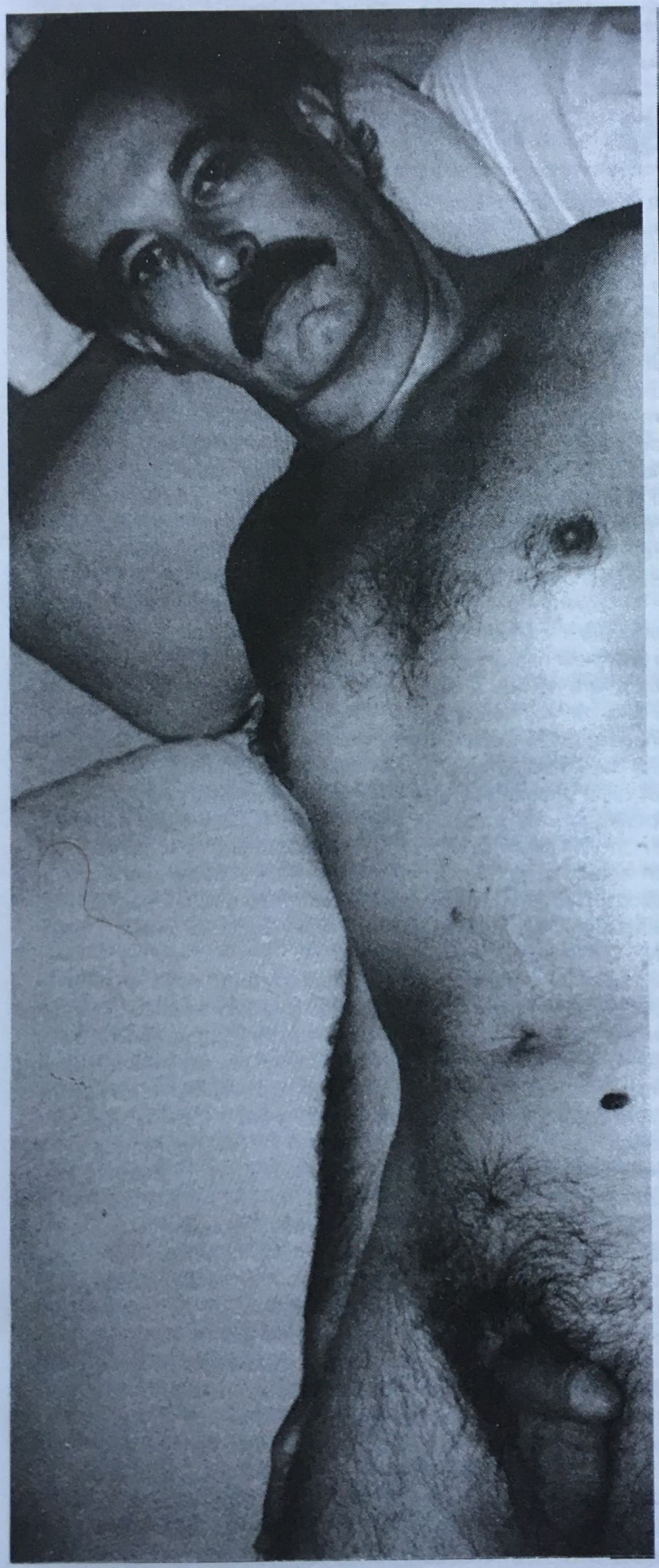
If you have never been published in CR and would like to submit fiction or nonfiction, please carefully study what we publish and provide an outline or synopsis of the work you wish us to consider. Note that we do not publish routine porn fiction like most other alternative magazines. We seek unique material, erotic and otherwise, with strong, vivid characterizations. If we invite you to submit your material for consideration, it must be highly polished and absolutely the best you can do.

WILL & HOT WHEELS - photo by Clint

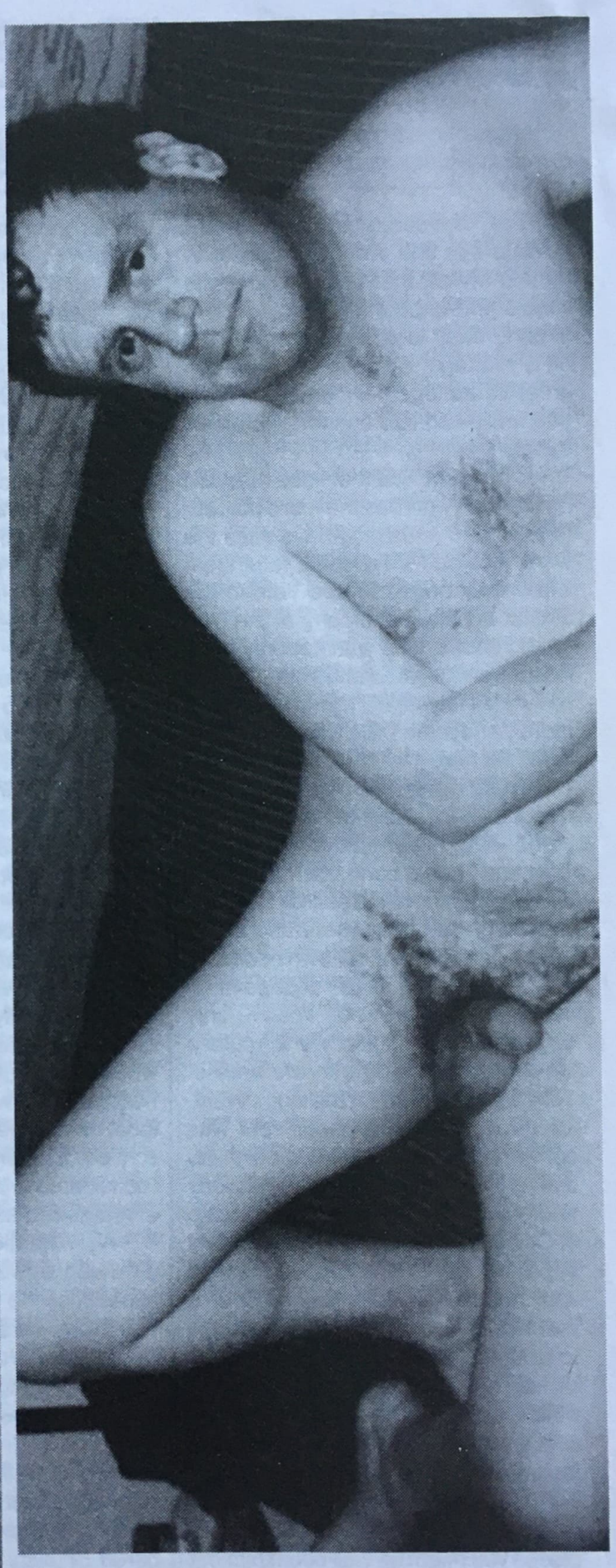
MANUEL - photo by Jorgen



RANGER AL & BEAR CUB - photo by The Banker



THE NUDIST - photo by **BREAD ED**



MR. RUPERT - photo by **MARVIN**

THE SOUND-PROOF ROOM
by Pug Snider

Tom is dead. And sometimes I have to say this out loud in order to remind myself that I can't fly back to Illinois and expect to find him at the airport, ready to pick up where we left off a year ago. Somewhere in our ten great years together our relationship had mellowed into a kind of "brother" thing.

You will notice that I use the word "mellowed" whereas the more perceptive of our friends may have used the word "cooled." Who could fault them when they began to see Tom in the almost constant company of the new young dentist who was not only painless but also smitten with Tom's mature beauty. At fifty-eight, Tom was actually more handsome than when I had first fallen for him.

There were a few cracks about the "tooth fairy" walking off with my boyfriend, but I never let that bother me. Tom and I had a bond that was strong enough to survive his search for whatever might be floating around in the outer space beyond our own bedroom. That, plus an increased dosage of alcohol which, if truth be known, only aggravated the impotency which cursed his last few years. Who knows whether Tom could get it up for the Doc? Whatever, long after the bridgework was completed, the two of them spent many a happy hour downing double Gibsons and enjoyed a couple of weekends up in Chicago. In all honesty, I was really happy for Tom. In their absence, smug with my own little hard-on (never a problem, even to this day), I managed to complete a novella, which netted us a nice tidy sum, and a request to work it into a full-length novel. I basked in the ecstasy of creation. Who had time to be jealous?

Tom used to say to friends, "Once Pug gets going on one of his masterpieces you might as well count him out of the ball game. Clattering away on his little portable back there in the den, he's as good as off on another planet." I guess I was lousy company, wrapped up in the selfish process of the peculiar joy known only to mothers-to-be and people who *must* write. Oh, there was a time long ago when picking out furniture and peeling off layers of old wallpaper could occupy our every waking minute. Tom made it fun. Not only did he have money but superb taste. I had never owned anything but Salvation Army stuff. I might add that Mr. Elegance was a cook of gourmet status. I gladly let Tom cook while I assumed the less glamorous chore of washing up.

Football bores me. However, because Tom had spent four happy years at the University where he was a big fraternity man and never missed a game, he continued to follow the sport right up to his last days. I would watch with Tom, never quite understanding what was happening on the screen, happy to be with him and asking dumb questions which would have driven a less patient man out of his mind. Fortunately, there was plenty of stuff we enjoyed equally. There was the garden; three great trips to the Caribbean, where we could get away from the February snow we each hated; the local dinner theatre to which we subscribed; John Grisham novels; and what I considered to be a reasonable amount of rough-and-tumble sex.

As I mentioned before, this last diversion slowed up when I began to experience the first thrills of acceptances from small magazines. When decent checks started coming in, I was hooked. My stories got better. Tom's teeth got worse. He needed a new bridge.

There was this new dentist just down the street in the new professional building designed to look like half-timbered English Tudor cottages. Kevin and Lance, our two upstairs neighbors, interior decorators who had "done" the Doc's beautifully efficient quarters, had reported to us that, from what they had seen of their client, they would both risk root canal. It never came to that, but just about two years ago Tom switched from old Dr. Jarvis and put himself in the hands of Bradley Bates.

I should make it absolutely clear that very early on Tom and I opted for an open relationship, and it worked very well. I may have strayed three times, maybe four, but each venture only strengthened my conviction that "home cooking" is still the best. As for the few times Tom dallied—and I never bothered to keep track—I could always count on a homecoming that was as warm and enthusiastic as the first early days of our getting to know each other.

Getting to know each other was two whole different stories—I forgot to mention that both Tom and I were widowers. He with two sons and a daughter. I with just the one daughter. Plus he had an eighty-some-year-old Mother, a flock of cousins and aunts. All his family were within easy driving distance. My daughter was in California.

I must say that I loved *all* of Tom's big family. And they seemed to accept me, glad that their father was not all by himself, drinking himself into a stupor as had been his way after his wife died. Little did they know that the "stupors," especially in the few weeks prior to his death, were alarmingly frequent. I was a rotten nurse; I would just put Tom to bed—like say five in the afternoon—and I would slip into the den and bang out another short story. Tom, always my severest critic—as well as best friend—would get up next morning, bright as the proverbial dollar and say, "Let's see what came off the old machine this time, Sport." He would read, blue-pencil my two or three typos, suggest a hotter opening. He always said, "If you're going to write porn, write PORN, and get your reader horny right

from word one." I have found his criticism invaluable.

What you are reading here is in no way intended to titillate. It is rather a sort of therapy for me. When a man loses a wife in a normal hetero setup, he has all kinds of support. From all sides he gets comfort and strength and understanding. When a guy loses another guy—even after a wonderful close ten years of togetherness—there is no sign of outward mourning. A few people may feel sorry for you, but they figure you'll soon hook up with another "roommate" and life will go on much as in the past. Even Tom used to say—curiously sensing that he would be the one to go first even though I was seven years older than he—"Knowing you, happy-go-lucky, you'll miss me for a month or so, then run into somebody fabulous and end up in Rio or Honolulu." He couldn't have been more wrong.

Bradley Bates, DDS, handsome as a movie star, never interested me in the slightest. Yet we were thrown together day after day all during the horrible ten weeks Tom lay semi-comatose, unable to utter a word, larynx gone, half his stomach, one whole side paralyzed, you name it. I know the dashing dentist brightened Tom's final year, just as I like to think that I brightened many, many years, in spite of my "shutting myself off with my stories." When Tom, dear sweet Tom, breathed his last, I held tight to one hand, Bradley Bates to the other. At exactly six p.m. we said our good-byes, crying separately. The nurses, Debbie, Alice and Barb, pulled the curtain around us, and when we came out of the "tent", surrounded both Brad and me, hugged us, and commented for the nth time, "Mr.Tom was sure lucky to have two such loyal friends as you two men. You two never missed a day."

Because Brad came from a family long experienced in handling the details of death, he automatically took over. He saw to it that Tom's bridge was immediately put in to help restore his handsomeness. According to Tom's instructions, neatly written out, Brad saw to it that there was no time wasted waiting around for cremation. By the time the family arrived from various points—including a raft of grand-kids—Tom was reduced to a few ounces of vari-colored crystals in an expensive, antique-looking urn. Dentists can afford trips to the Caribbean, so Brad volunteered to scatter Tom on one of our favorite islands.

Nobody has set me up in either Rio or Honolulu. For nine months I bunked with my daughter, a Jehovah's Witness, who tells me that everything will be lovely in just a very short time. For all of us. I would have written before this, but my noisy portable annoys my daughter.

But now, I am off by myself in a small room which my new landlady assures me is lined with solid cork from Africa, absolutely sound-proof. "You can have it at your own risk of course." She went on to inform me that, ever since the big quake on the seventeenth of January, like many of the other apartments on her street, her place had been posted with one of those ominous signs declaring the property unsafe for normal occupancy. The major cracks had been plastered over and a lot of glass replaced. Actually, the old twenties- style Spanish duplex looked reasonably solid. My middle-western eyes found even the seediest Mediterranean architecture preferable to the sleek modern California boxes.

"Now, if you'll just sign this—" I put my name to a document which would let her off the hook in the event that the joint collapsed at the next shake-up. "You're lucky to find something north of Wilshire Boulevard—and so close to the beach—plus where else could a writer like yourself get a sound-proof room?" She had already explained to me that a previous tenant, a lovely woman who played the cello, had gone to great expense to thoroughly insulate the walls with a special cork imported from Africa.

The rent was steeper than I had anticipated. However, I was at last free to get back to my writing, uninhibited by my daughter, whose frequent migraines could not tolerate the clatter of my portable.

To write again would be to start living again. Upon Tom's death, ten months ago, I had fled Illinois and ten years of happy memories, in spite of advice from a fairly good-sized gay community who stood by to comfort me. I thanked them but had convinced myself that a geographical cure was best.

Rushing to my daughter as a refuge, moving all too fast, I had overlooked the fact that we were no longer a stereotypical divorced Daddy and young daughter who enjoyed Disneyland, trips to the Getty Museum, and playing Scrabble. Now she was all grown up and, much to my chagrin, had become a Jehovah's Witness. Although she had always looked upon Tom as a sort of wonderful Dutch Uncle, happy for both Tom and me that we, as two widowers, had managed to make such a pleasant life together. The fact that Tom was the father of three, grandfather of five, and altogether one helluva great guy, obscured the actual truth of the origin of our relationship—that he had picked me up in one of Moline's cozier little gay bars. I never set foot in that bar again, and neither did Tom—not that I an aware of—because we were too content with our own amusements.

Living with a writer, they say, is not always easy. Especially one who likes to write starting at seven a.m., sometimes getting up at midnight and dashing off a page or two. Tom had indulged my every difficult whim. The dear man spoiled me. Naturally, it was a rude shock to find myself under the same roof with a "religious fanatic" unable to tolerate noisy typing, much less typing material catering to those "filthy rags" you see on the racks along the more colorful sections of Santa Monica Boulevard. The cat was let out of the bag one day when an *Advocate* arrived, bearing a story of mine. It was one of the funniest stories I had ever written, just before Tom died. Tom himself had praised it as "brilliant satire". The title, "The Biggest Pair of Balls In Texas," was as far as my daughter read.

"Why can't you write some nice stories for *Modern Maturity* or *Atlantic Monthly*?" and it made me wish that we were back in the old days of Disneyland.

I stifled my creative urge as long

as I could. I began hunting around for a place of my own. Still accustomed to rising with the sun, still apparently running on Central Standard Time, I would wander down to the ocean and feel sorry for myself, missing Tom like the very devil, kicking around half-formed plots, lacking the privacy to let them breathe on paper.

One early morning I dropped in at the Shack for a cup of coffee. Unlike Moline, Illinois, friendliest little town in the middle-west, where everybody is neighborly safe and sane, out here you have to be careful; if it isn't the lady who was impregnated by a UFO alien, it's the guy who has discovered this terrific Chinese herb guaranteed to give you a fast hard-on that will last three hours. Either people like that—or the other extreme where these Californians are so busy talking on their cellular phones, sipping their bottles of designer water, carefully checking their BMW's for possible dents and scratches, that they don't have an extra minute to give you the time of day.

Anyway, that morning a while back, the Shack was a pleasant haven after my walk along the beach, and I was happy to find a stool next to an interesting-looking woman engrossed in the crossword puzzle in the *New York Times*. She was dressed in simple cool white linen. No jewelry. No cellular phone. No designer water. No BMW, though I rather suspected that she might be the owner of the expensive ten-speed bicycle parked outside.

Undernourished after a steady diet of conversation with my daughter's Witness friends, I was hungry for decent fare; I am not a smart ass, but I have my own way of breaking the ice. I said, "Give me a clue, and I'll give you the answer."

I was glad that I had worn my one Brooks Brothers blue oxford shirt. That was no doubt what encouraged her to take up my challenge. She smiled, removed sunglasses, and said, "Ok, what's a silent siren? In nine letters."

Without a moment's hesitation I supplied the answer: "Theda Bara." I had actually seen three of the early films starring the scary-looking temptress of the early Hollywood Classics. I am never quite sure who is Secretary of State or who won the World Series last year but I do know interesting stuff pertaining to old movies or obscure Gilbert and Sullivan operettas.

That was how I came to meet my present landlady, Delphia de Longpré, and how I came to be living in this wonderful soundproof room, free to make all the noise I want, batting out pornographic stories without cries of protest from my daughter. For the first time in ages, I felt like my old self. Still missing Tom in the other room watching his football, waiting for his wise blue pencil, but reasonably happy.

Because I had had such success with my little story about the Texas oil man with the large testicles, I decided to make my "come-back" with something set in that same area. Sealed away in my new privacy, the first hour I wrote like a house afire. Maybe you have never experienced it, but dead silence can be disconcerting. During my first breather I listened—and it was like a roar. I found myself missing the steady rhythm of my daughter's old Singer sewing machine and the erratic shudderings of her less-than-efficient Fridge.

I opened my door and let in just the tiniest bit of the outside world. The whir of Mrs. de Longpré's vacuum was somehow comforting, and I happily returned to my saga of the Panhandle cowboy and the horny Dallas stockbroker. I was so caught up in their first entanglement that I failed to notice that my landlady had slipped in. "How is it going?" she inquired.

"Fine. Fine," I assured her and, looking up, I was surprised to observe that she was in a skimpy bikini. I didn't want to tell her that I liked her better in the simple white linen dress. I felt the situation called for some kind of remark, so I said, "Great tan!"

My compliment was a wise choice. She ran her palms down her hips, twirled about to display backside as well as front. "Would you be surprised if I told you that in nineteen-humpty-hump I was Miss Long Beach?" and she struck a pose that left no doubt about it.

"I am sure that wasn't *too* long ago, Mrs. de Longpré. Did you make any pictures? You remind me of somebody." Actually, she did resemble my ex-wife who, if she hadn't been a boozer, might have had a film career.

"Oh, I made a couple of pictures—real bombs—but then I met Mr. de Longpré, had my babies, painted some rather nice watercolors, wrote some poetry. You name it. Then I buried my husband, went seriously into Zen, and now I just ride my bike, keep tan and fit. But that's enough about me. What about you?"

Now, I don't want to sound egotistical. But I might as well be honest. I have no trouble attracting women. I am a lot better looking at sixty than I was at twenty or thirty. Grey hair did wonders for me. And now that I'm no longer eating Tom's wonderful gourmet cooking—all those fancy desserts—I'm down to a thirty-one-inch waist. Women will say to me: "You have good skin!" Maybe it's because I've never smoked. Men never seem to give me a second look. They never come on to me. But women—they're all over me—and I feel it's not fair to lead them on. I long ago got over wanting to sleep with them.

As for Miss Long Beach, bless her little tan behind, I knew that sooner or later I was going to have to turn her off. Especially if I was to get any serious writing done. I put another sheet into my machine and thumbed through my Roget's for a synonym for hard-on (I had already used the word three times). This seemed to whet her curiosity. "What's it about? Or would that be telling?" and she stood behind me where she got a full view of the page I had completed. The title line more or less gave away the whole show: "Nine Inches Minimum. No Others Need Apply."

The opening paragraph where the stockbroker is sizing up the cowboy applicant pretty well told her what my story was about. When she spoke I thought she sounded a trifle apologetic: "Oh dear, you aren't—I mean, are you? But of course not."

"Am I what?" and I let her suffer for a little while longer. This was not the first time hopeful widows had had their

fires dampened.

No use letting her dangle too long, so I helped her out: "Am I gay? Just because I write for gay magazines. Is that what you're trying to say?"

"No, of course not. I suppose I'm very stupid. Like you say you don't necessarily have to be a murderer to write murder mysteries or be a thief to write T' ' Great Train Robbery or be a—"

She would have gone on but I interrupted her: "I get the idea. And you are not stupid at all, Mrs. de Longpré."

"Delphia, please." She was not one to let a small gaffe stand in the way of friendship.

"Delphia," I accepted her offer of the first name. "Straight, gay, bi, or neuter, we are just plain *homo sapiens*, aren't we?"

"*Homo sapiens*?" and she appeared to be testing the sound of it. "Homo sapiens makes me think of an effeminate gorilla or something." She laughed and I figured that we had pretty well taken care of the touchy subject. Wrong! It turned out she had a zinger up her sleeve.

"To hell with the vacuuming," she announced. "If you're where you can cut off the pornographic flow, won't you join us downstairs for lunch? My son is here for the weekend."

"I'd be delighted. And I can cut the flow anytime. Even murderers don't have to murder *all* morning!" I thought that was pretty cute. But here's where *she* had the final word: "My son will be crazy about you. He's gay."

Naturally, by the time I reached the backyard, guided by the aroma of barbecued hamburgers, I was curious as hell to get a look at "Sonny." Given that Delphia and I were of an age, I should not have been surprised to see a thirty-something hunk flipping burgers and dealing them out onto a table laid for the three of us. I don't know why I had expected a teenager, surly, grungy, Reebocked, intent on whatever was filling his head via the inevitable Walkman. To me, California kids were even scarier than their parents. *This* one was a pleasant change.

Because he was busy uncorking a bottle of what looked like a very nice red wine, he wasn't aware of my entry. This gave me a chance to inspect him, unguarded. My first reaction was "probably closer to forty than thirty-five" and all to the good. I was no chicken-hawk. And somehow I stubbornly clung to the notion that my own aging process had magically gelled at age forty. I *never* make judgements about a person till I hear the voice. They can be drop-dead gorgeous, but if I don't care for the voice, forget it.

I was not to see all of the body right away. Although he was in brief swim trunks, his whole front was covered by a BBQ apron which was emblazoned with the warning: "IF YOU CAN'T STAND THE HEAT GET OUT OF THE KITCHEN." Still unconscious of my scrutiny, he turned so that I was treated to the view of a tight, hard little ass and a pair of hairy thighs. There was no great muscular development—at least not according to rigid California standards—but I was rather pleased to see an under-stated, slightly imperfect maleness, indicating that the owner was concerned with things other than molding a passable physique into a gross Super David, resulting finally in a Schwartzenegger.

When I emerged from behind a thicket of oleander and dense overhang of bougainvillea, I was greeted by a warm, friendly, welcoming voice that was more than a match for the nice ass and hairy legs. To tell the truth, it was a voice such as I hadn't really hoped to hear again. The timbre and easy drawl were very much like Tom's distinctive way of speaking. When this guy asked me: "I hope you like dago red—Gallo's Special—but if you're a wine snob you can wrestle with this stupid cork of Mom's fancy Beaujolais," I was immediately reminded of Tom's first words to me at that gay bar in Moline when he asked me if I'd join him in a Bud rather than the la-di-da imported stuff favored by the brand-name-conscious clientele.

I settled for the dago red. However, I offered to lend a hand with the cork on the other stuff, and he was impressed with my expertise. "Mom said you would come in handy. Dorothy—she was the lady cello player who had your room—was handy with corks—but Mom's been saying she needs a man around the place. Looks like you're it."

"I should think she'd feel very lucky to have *you*." As for myself, I was already feeling luckier and I wondered if it was beginning to show.

"I'm only here on occasional weekends. I live in Apple Valley near Victorville. Sort of desert, though not your Palm Springs, Rancho Mirage type of life."

I wanted to ask: "Do you live alone?" but I thought better of it because I did not want to sound nosey. I was sincerely hoping he did live alone. I was plenty ready to chuck this lousy beach town and go out to his valley and pick apples, or whatever. Not since Tom had died had I been bitten by the nesting bug. I needed more than a sound-proof room. I yearned for a *home*. And somebody to share it with.

Delphia joined us. Back to white linen. Forget the bikini bit, now that it was more or less established that I was on a different wavelength. Not that she held that against me. In fact, she seemed terribly pleased that Sonny and the new tenant were hitting it off so well. She polished off a glass of the good stuff and part of a burger and informed us that she was off to City Hall to fight for some action on the quake damage to her chimney and most of her cement-block patio wall.

Blocks lay scattered, exposing her patio to the patio next door. "We miss our privacy. Sonny and I both enjoy sunbathing in the nude." Here's hoping she gets some action at City Hall, I thought. And she must have read my mind, adding: "You and Sonny can bask together. You lucky brunets, the two of you! I have to be more careful with my fair Irish complexion."

"I'll be off now," and she wheeled her ten-speed out toward the driveway. Her parting shot made me realize I wasn't in Illinois anymore: "You men have fun. Just don't have it where the neighbors can see." I couldn't help but wonder if, had either my wife or my sainted mother been alive, they would have managed such a blithe attitude about this tricky business of male bond-

ing.

"Amazing woman, your Mom."

"City Hall will be finding that out this afternoon. She knows how to cut through the shit. She believes in getting things fixed. Things and people."

"I guess a lot of people need fixing," I ventured.

"When Karen and I split up, Mom tried everything to get us back together. She took it harder than either Karen or myself. When she saw it was hopeless she played match-maker till I had to put a stop to it. I moved out to the high desert. Lived alone and loved it."

That jug of dago red was disappearing rapidly. I knew that if I let him ramble I'd get the whole story. I had my Speedo on under my chinos. I had already bared my chest to the warm sun—glad that I had lost my Illinois pallor—and now I chucked the chinos and let Sonny continue with the sad story of his single state.

"Yes, I loved being alone. For a while. Then I met Roger." Sonny let this sink in, pausing long enough to remove his BBQ apron and stretch out full-length on a chaise lounge. Big enough for two. "Join me," and he patted the space alongside his inviting brown near-nakedness. I gladly abandoned my chair and arranged my body within less than an inch of his. There was the merest touching at shoulders. Deprived for so long, a year now, my thoughts went back to long, long ago when Tom and I had shared close quarters, his sister being so apologetic that her guest room contained only the one narrow bed.

I was beginning to feel let down at this mention of Roger, whoever he was, so I brightened considerably when Sonny went onto tell me: "Roger turned out to be a first-class prick. When he found out that our branch of the de Longpré family was not the one with the big bucks, he moved off to greener pastures in Palm Springs." Great, I thought and immediately began to feel better. I edged closer and let thigh rest against thigh.

As you read my confession here, you are no doubt thinking it's about time for a little groping. There was a time when I might have agreed. However, a few years down the road I learned the more important strategy of "mind groping." Without minimizing the urgency of the body, I like to check first to determine if there is a mind connected to it. My priorities run mind, body, and face. In that order. I will admit that I have, on occasion, switched those around. And lived to regret it. I recall being captivated by a co-worker's face. Our desks faced. I could hardly get any work done. Like a fool I arranged a long weekend up in Chicago. Well, it turned out to be the longest three days I ever spent. The body was milky-white and covered with unappetizing tattoos. And, as for the mind, it was nourished only by "Star Trek" and The *National Enquirer*.

The double chaise was as good as being in bed. I contented myself with the sound of his extremely pleasant voice. "I was completely honest with Karen. And you know what she said? She said: `You *can't* be gay. No guy that can fuck a woman the way you do can possibly be happy with a man,' and then I had to tell her that something that really must have hurt her."

Sonny took another sip of wine and continued: "I explained to her that fucking was not the most important thing in the world. I explained to her that the simple truth of the matter was that I just happened to prefer the smell of a man. I confessed to her that even as a small child, I thought Mom smelled nice, but there was that extra something about the way Dad smelled. Or Uncle George. Or the barber who gave me my first haircut." I had to wonder if our little tanning session wasn't working up a sweat smelling as good as dear old Dad.

Normally, it would have been my turn to go into the confessional but, glancing at my companion's nice bronzed profile (fortunately it was not one of your "pretty" faces), I saw that he had fallen asleep. I dared to rub a hand down his thigh and even went so far as to let a finger toy with the hard pink nipples that protruded from a nest of dark chest hair. I retired to my soundproof room, did my best to ignore the hard-on that popped out of my Speedo and crossed the hall into an ice-cold shower.

All afternoon I typed feverishly, finishing five pages of "Nine Inches," the cowboy in it having taken on a decided resemblance to Sonny de Longpré, and the stockbroker was pretty much me. Tom would have approved of the speed with which I got the two of them into bed. As a qualified critic of successful porn, he knew exactly how long you could hold off on your climax.

The dead stillness was getting to me, so I opened my door a crack. From the foot of the stairs I heard conversation. My name came up several times. Mother and Son were discussing me. I heard Delphia ask: "Well, what do you think? Isn't he just perfect?" I must have blushed but listened intently waiting for Sonny's reply. His voice had not the ringing clarity of Mom's, so I had trouble catching everything. "I may have bored him to death, Mom. I remember talking to him, spilling my guts as I have been known to do, and when I woke up, he'd disappeared."

"I assure you our new tenant was *not* bored. Far from it. And you know these writers—everything is grist for their mill. I'm sure you were a delightful change from his steady diet of the daughter and all the Jehovah's Witnesses."

"We're getting them up in the desert now. I had one last week. I had to get rid of him by coming on to him real strong. He told me to repent before it's too late. Ran like a scared rabbit."

"Naughty boy!" Delphia scolded him. "But you haven't answered me; what do you think of the new man?"

"I liked him fine." Sonny's answer was not exactly a rave notice, but I considered myself over the first hurdle.

"He likes the room but thinks it's a bit pricey. What would you say to offering him half your cabin out in the desert? At a reduced rent. He could write his stories, save money, and you could use the extra cash till you get a regular job out there. You *shouldn't* live all alone in that God-forsaken desert."

Delphia's plan sounded ideal to me. I nearly fell over the bannister trying to catch the reaction.

"Mom! Stop playing match-maker. I like living alone. After Karen and Roger

and whatsisname, at last I'm my own man and can slowly find my own way." From Sonny's tone I could tell that he was not about to jump into a close relationship without considerable soul-searching.

Delphia was not giving up. And I was pulling for her—and me. She burst forth with another bright idea: "'I suggest the two of you have dinner together tonight. Take him down to that cute little place in the Canyon where you used to go for Cajun beef and those great Margaritas. My treat!" There was silence. I hoped he was thinking over the proposition. I tiptoed back into my room.

I slipped into my old Brooks Brothers oxford shirt and a fresh pair of chinos. Then I heard a knock at my door. Dum-dee-dum-dum.

As much as I hate to admit it, there *are* times when Mom knows best. Delphia, wise in so many ways, knew what she was doing when she paired me off with her one and only, very special, somewhat picky, completely disillusioned, hopelessly confirmed hermit-like desert rat, Sonny de Longpré. The way things worked out was no part of an alcohol-induced euphoria. In fact, our Margaritas sat on the bar untouched once the jukebox grabbed me with that oldie "Make Someone Happy."

That number has always hit me hard. I realized that the tune meant something to Sonny as well. He hummed it, smiled shyly and said: "Somebody made me happy today. And it scared me a little. Shit, I was so happy—and scared—that I played "possum" and just lay there like a frightened animal. Stupid, huh?"

I was piecing this little confession together when he went on: "When I opened my eyes, you were gone." So—my bold exploration of his nice body had not gone unnoticed! He had been awake. And he liked it!

"I'm the world's worst. But, come on, before it's over," and I pulled him close and out onto the crowded little floor. Cheek-to-cheek was in again—none of this standing two feet apart, each one doing his own thing—and we touched at every possible point where two bodies could touch. Fred and Ginger were never more closely attuned. Although I liked to think of us as Fred and Gene—Kelly, that is. We danced right out of the joint, onto a deck that led to a stretch of sandy beach.

"Wait'll I get you out to my desert cabin. You'll take back all the nasty things you said about California!" I knew right away that making someone happy was going to be a joint effort. When we got back to my room, we were both glad it was sound-proof.

PUG SNIDER, 81, is the grand man of gay erotic fiction, having been published in just about every major gay men's magazine. He's one of the best this country has ever produced. Much of the above piece is autobiographical, so it was quite cathartic for Pug to write. He lives with his daughter in coastal L.A. County but does all his writing in the sound-proof room. Pug will be inducted into the CR Hall of Fame during the '96 Spring Gathering in San Diego.

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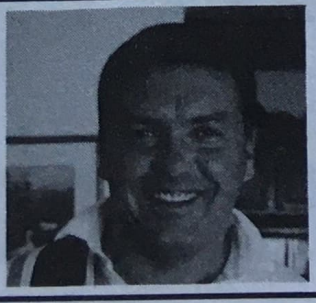

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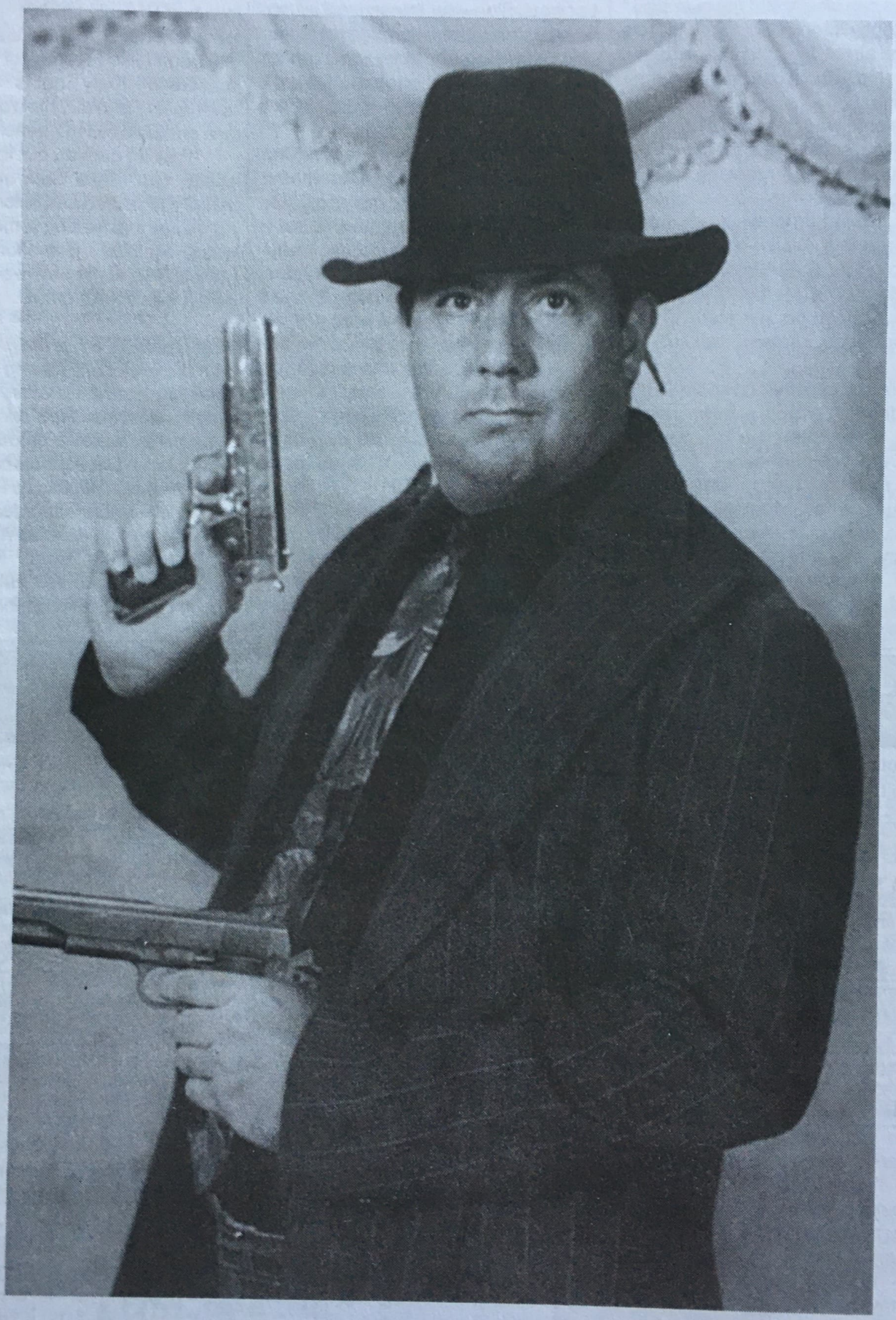

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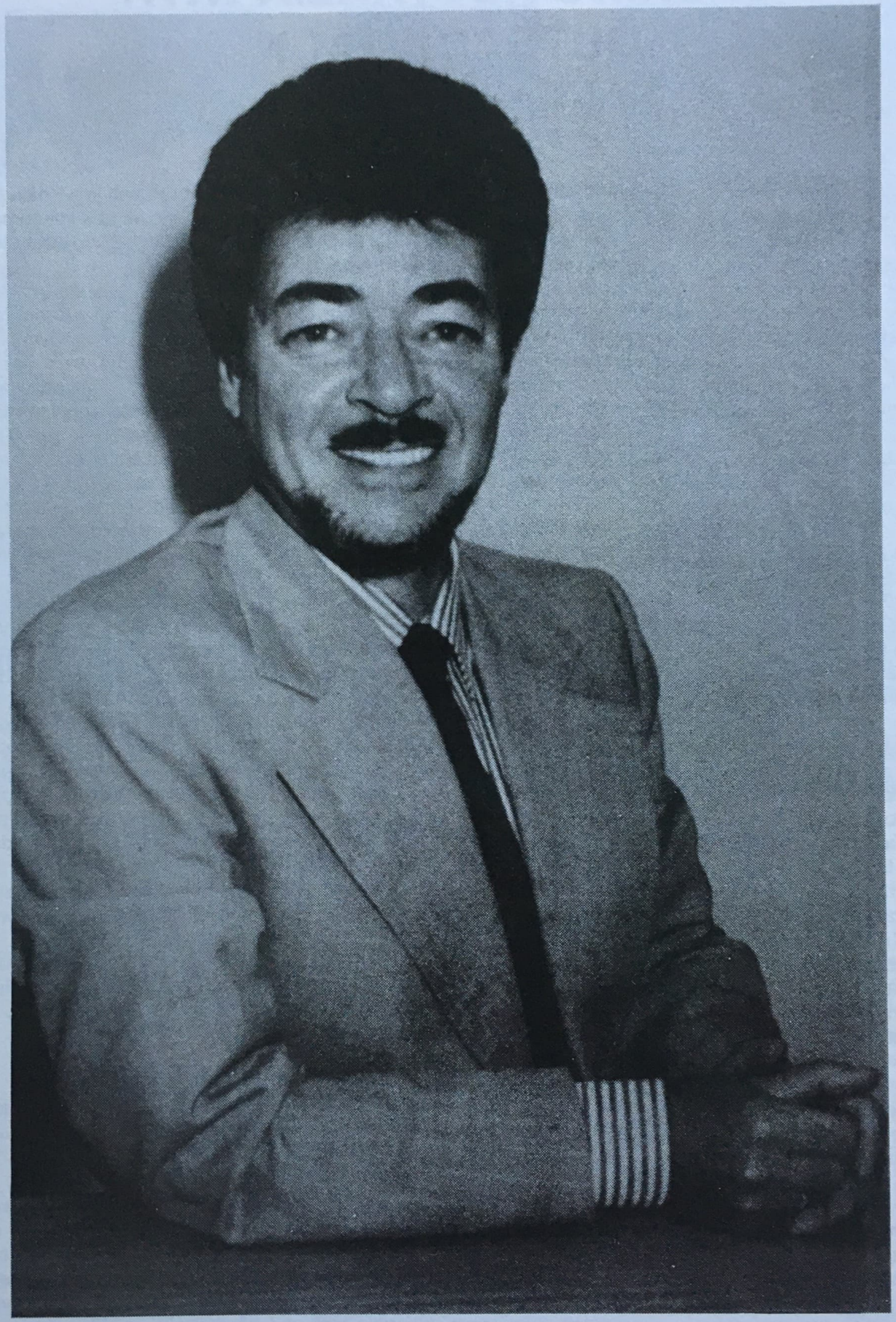

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TOURING AUSTRALIA WITH OUTBACK JACK

KANGAROO ISLAND

G'day, C-Risers! On the 15th of February, 8 poofta mates took the 9 am car ferry from Cape Jervis for the 10-mile trip over to Kangaroo Island for a 5-day holiday that had expectations that nobody could have planned. Now how could 8 pooftas not stand out like dog's balls on a big island dominated by farmers and fishermen? Believe me we did it, but it wasn't easy.

The island is about 150 miles long and 60 miles wide with spectacular coastlines, mostly a sheep-farming, fishing and tourist community. and yes, I almost fogot: kangaroos!

We stayed at a wonderful motel at American River with fantastic views. It's owned by 2 mates that were great hosts. On the first day, Wednesday, it was HOT, so we settled in, enjoyed the pool and spa, and acclimatised to the area. Had a dinky-di Aussie B.B.Q. that night by the pool. Lots of butch talk so as not to create an image that the other tourists could gossip about.

The hosts gave us a rundown on the island and suggested we call some mates of theirs at Penneshaw, and when I did, we were invited for lunch the next day, as we were touring that area. Instructions were to look for a house with a thatched fence and a garden that would make anyone into pansies green with envy.

So that day we climbed Mt. Thisby and checked out bays and beaches before spotting the garden about noon. It was indeed a spectacular garden. The house was surrounded by a perfectly balanced array of beds of fuschias to a tropical bonanza outback. The hosts were amazed to know we all came from Adelaide and they didn't know any of us, especially since they had lived there before making the move to the island 10 years ago.

The lunch began with champagne and ended with champagne 4 hours later. A fabulous BBQ was devoured and topped off with a big Pavlova, a very rich Aussie dessert that makes your tits wobble if you eat too much.

We didn't want to leave because it was so much fun and the hosts were great blokes, but we needed to swim off the lunch before dining out that night at the motel. Found the beautiful Island Beach across the bay from the motel and had an hour or two swim before returning back to base.

The nights would have given anybody with a touch of romance in their hearts a "honeymoon horn" as the moon was full that week and made magnificent scenery across the bay from the motel.

Dinner that night was tremendous. One host ran the bar and waited tables whilst the other kept out of sight in the kitchen, probably wondering whether he'd be able to open the restaurant again after a party of 8 pooftas wanted centre stage. Well, you'd have sworn we were a retired croquet team from Turnbridge Wells, England, out on the town, we were so docile.

Friday we had thought of travelling on the all-day bus tour as Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, but how many queens does it take to make one Snow White? The bus picked us up at the motel. The driver was a big, solid bloke, and we found him to be very gay-friendly. Besides the driver, we had a great bunch of tourists on the bus. Yes, there were Yanks from Portland. One lady was obsessed with me when she found that I had known the father of a very prominent murder trial defendent (actually I lived with him for two years). She wanted me to write a book.

The bus tour was a rip snorter, taking us to Seal Beach, Kelly Caves, Remarkable Rocks, Admirals Arch, a great BBQ lunch in a Koala sanctuary and a stopover at a kangaroo feeding spot. We got back to the motel at 7 pm all toured out.

Saturday was the big day on the island. The annual Kangaroo Island Picnic Races (a mini version of the Kentucky Derby) were being run at Kingscote and everybody was excited about being seen sippping champagne with the island social set. This once-a-year event attracts a big crowd from all parts of Aussie. There were lots of private tent parties. Another fair dinkum true blue day was had on the island, and champagne flowed again that night.

Sunday we reluctantly departed the island, arriving at the ferry terminal knowing that being butch for 5 days had ended. And across the ocean was good old mainland Oz where we would end up 8 merry men again. The trip back was touch titty mate. A big swell had the ferry rockin-n-rollin and chunder bags were hot property for some poor buggers. A couple of our mob got crook but kept breakfast down okay. It was the first time on the island for some of us and anybody visiting Adelaid should include a few days on the island in their itinerary.

So it's hoo-roo from your Aussie mates: Ned, Warren, Morrie, Geoff, Greg, Clyde, Ron and John.

OUTBACK JACK is a long-time subscriber, contributor and model who lives in South Australia. The guy really knows how to have fun and is always going off with his pals to some remote area of that wonderful land down under. His travelogs are quite entertaining, especially when he sends photos along. *See next page.*

MURRAY RIVER MAN

WAZZA

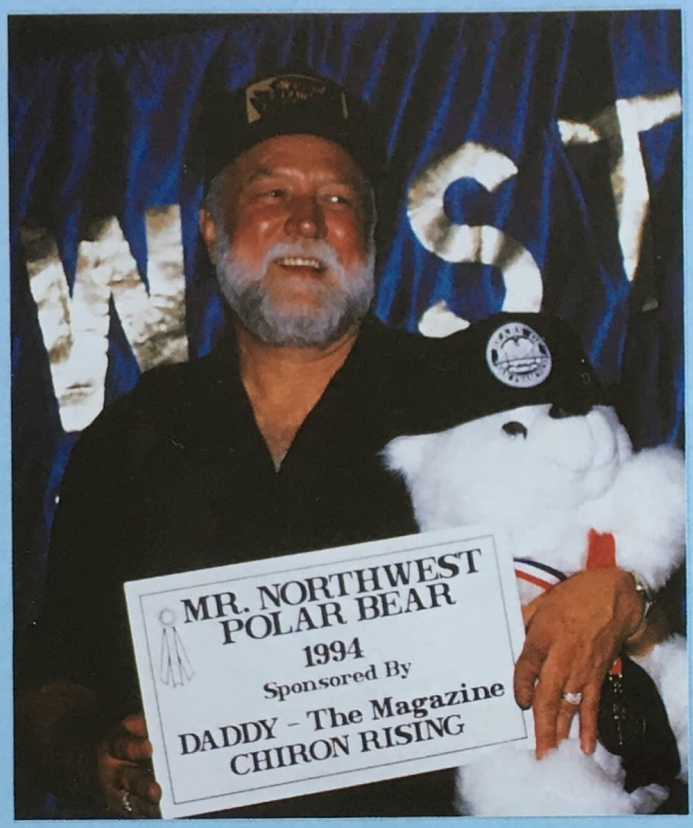
OUTBACK JACK

OUTBACK JACK

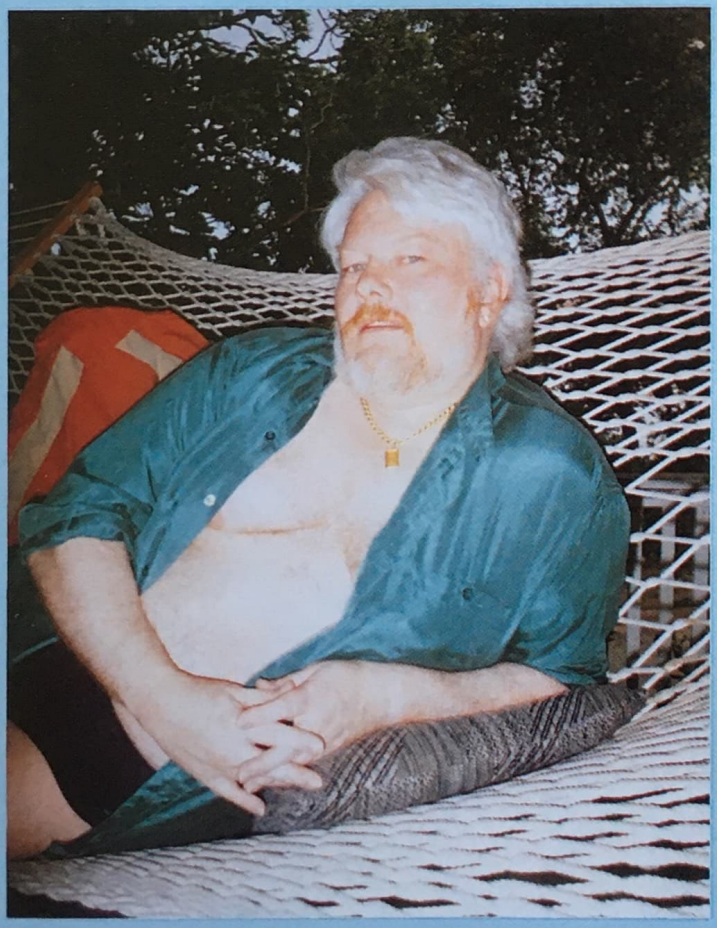
ROB & RON

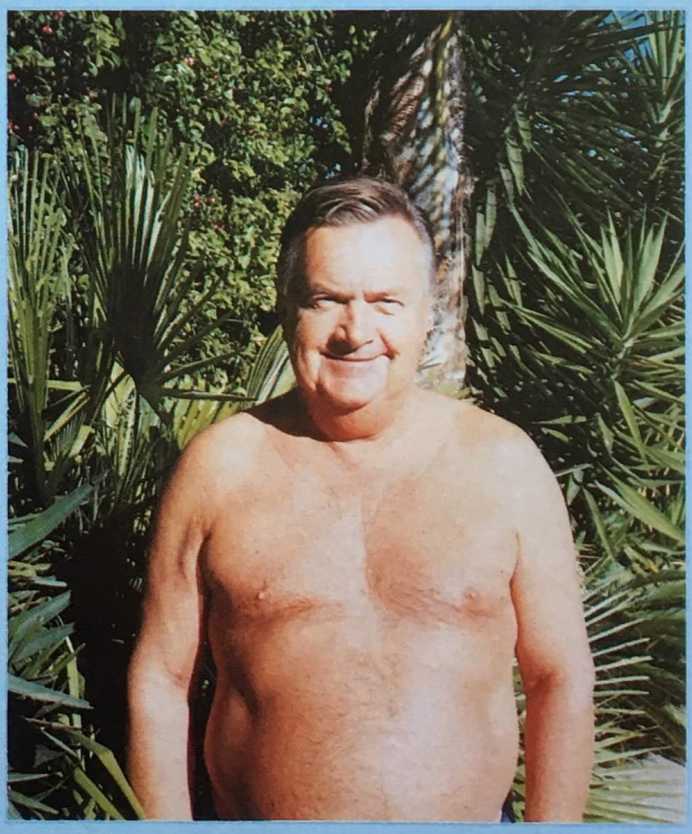
photo by JACKSON

DADDY STEVE - photo by CHUCK



FLORIDA BANKER - photo by ZR-1

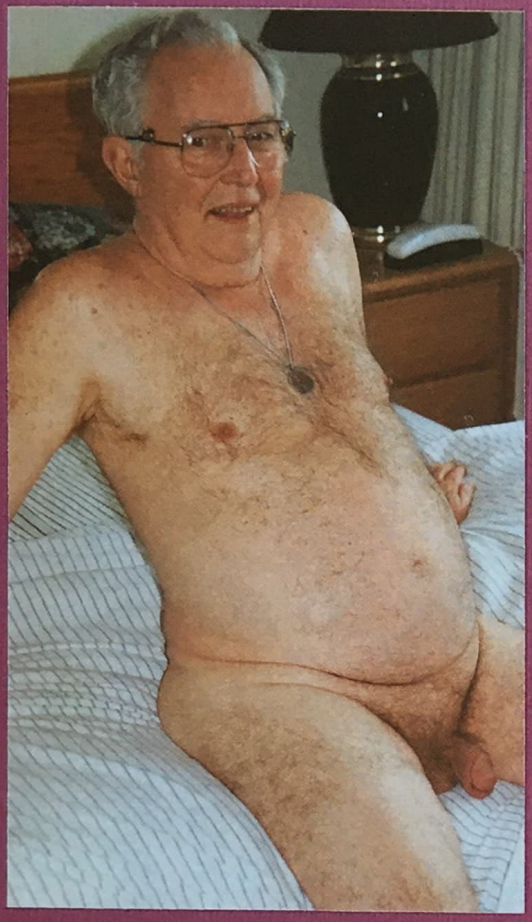




OMAHA ROMANTIC - photo by JOE

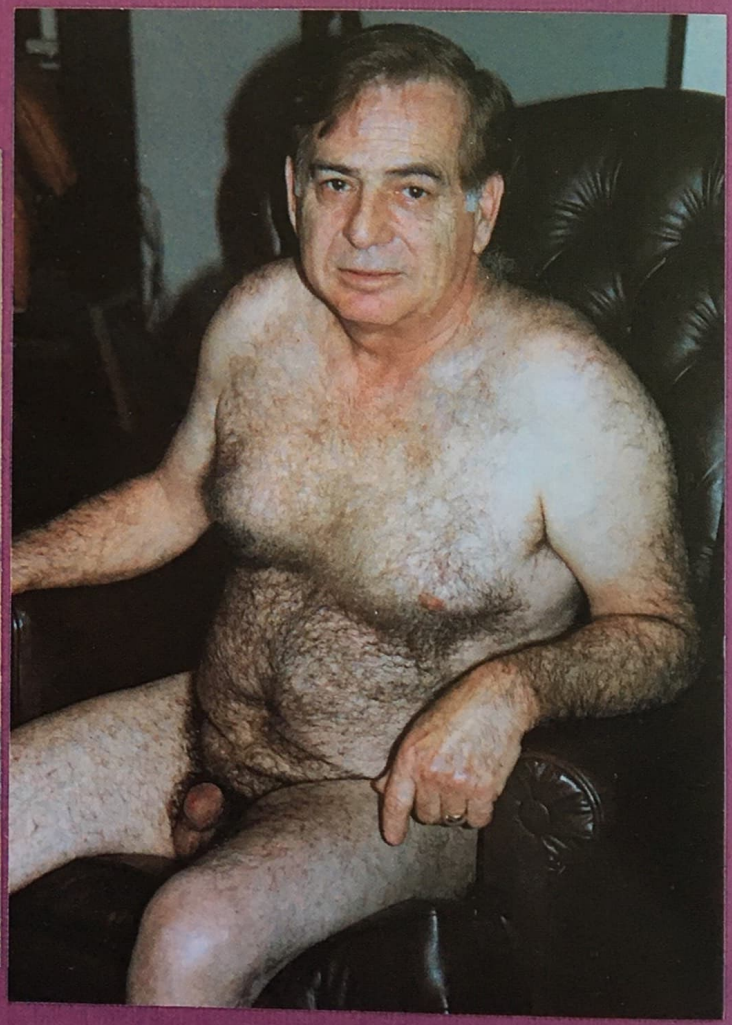
PANCHO - photo by TOM

BAY AREA JIM - photo by STEVE



JOHN R. - photo by ED

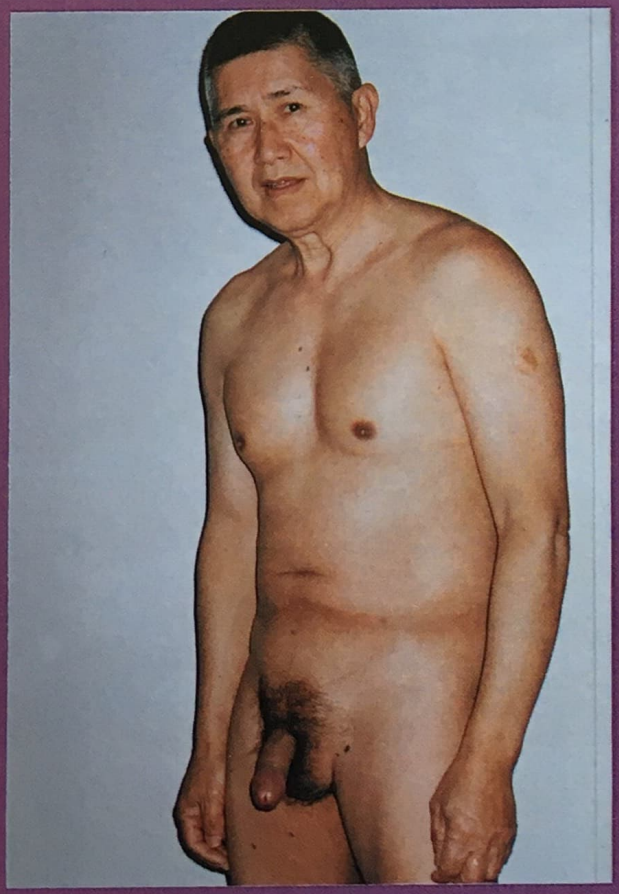
RICK



JOE ESPOSITO - photo by STEVE

GREG & DON - photo by OUTBACK JACK

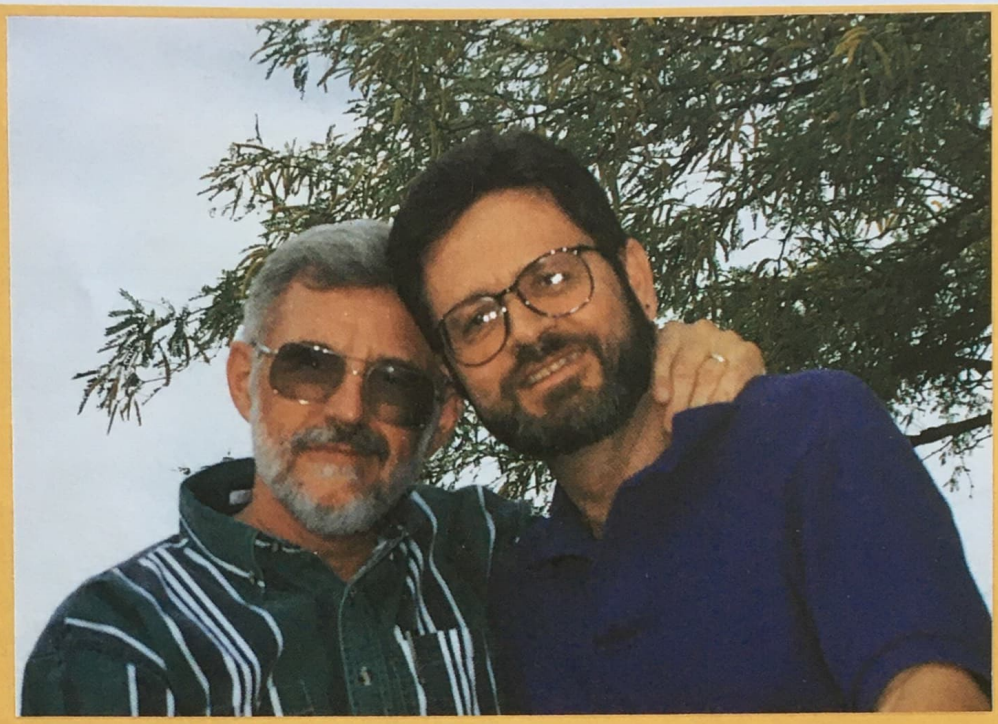
LAPIN - photo by G. NORRIS

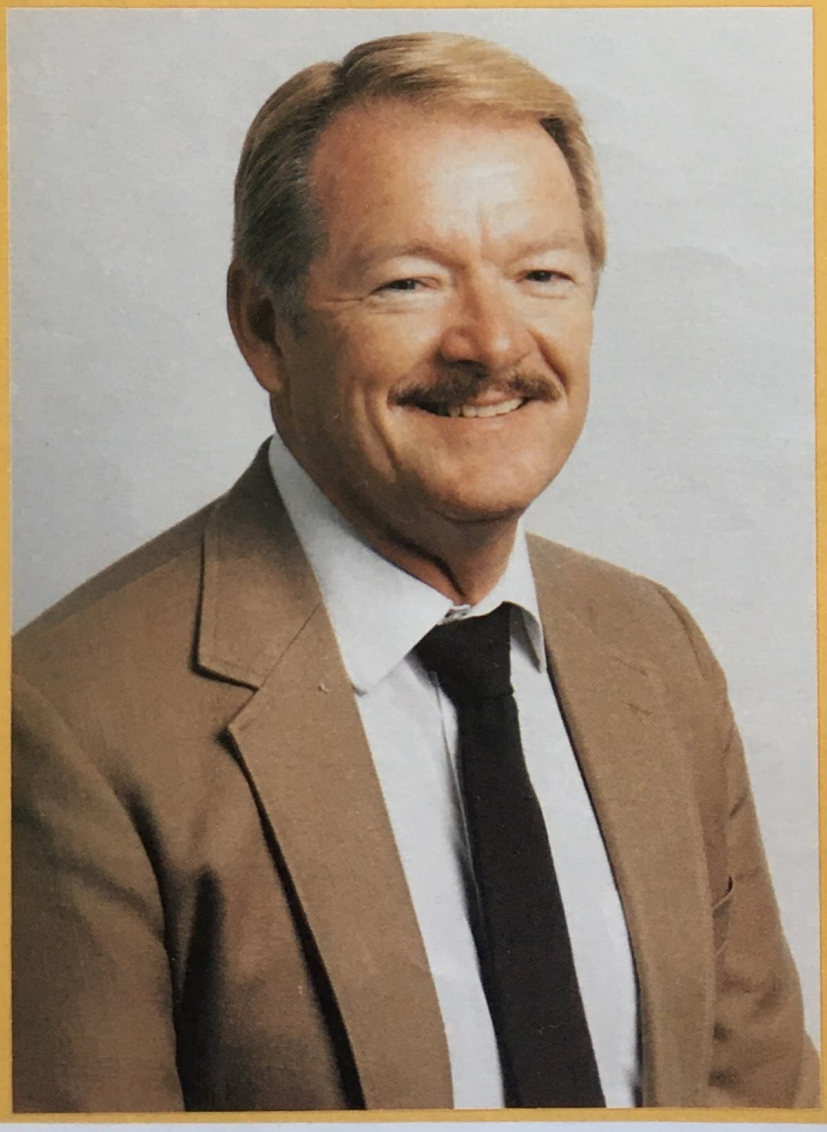


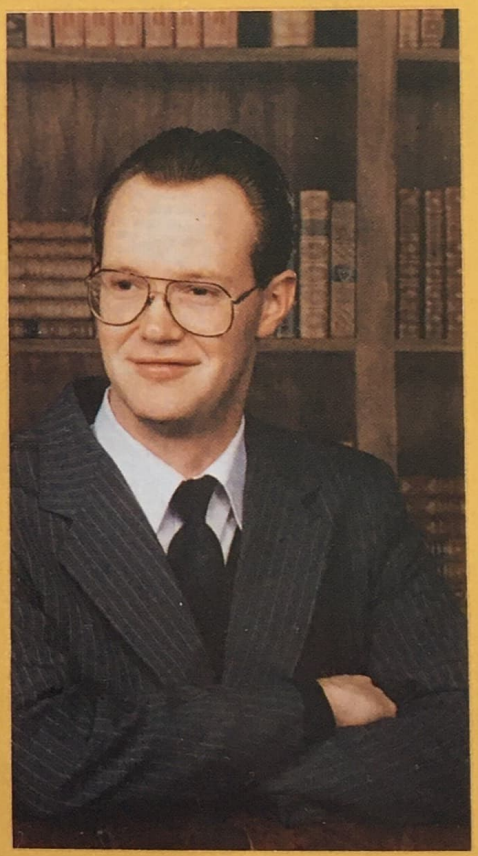
DRAGON - photo by L.M.

JOHN B. - photo by BRAD

COPTER MAN & ROBERT - photo by EDWARD





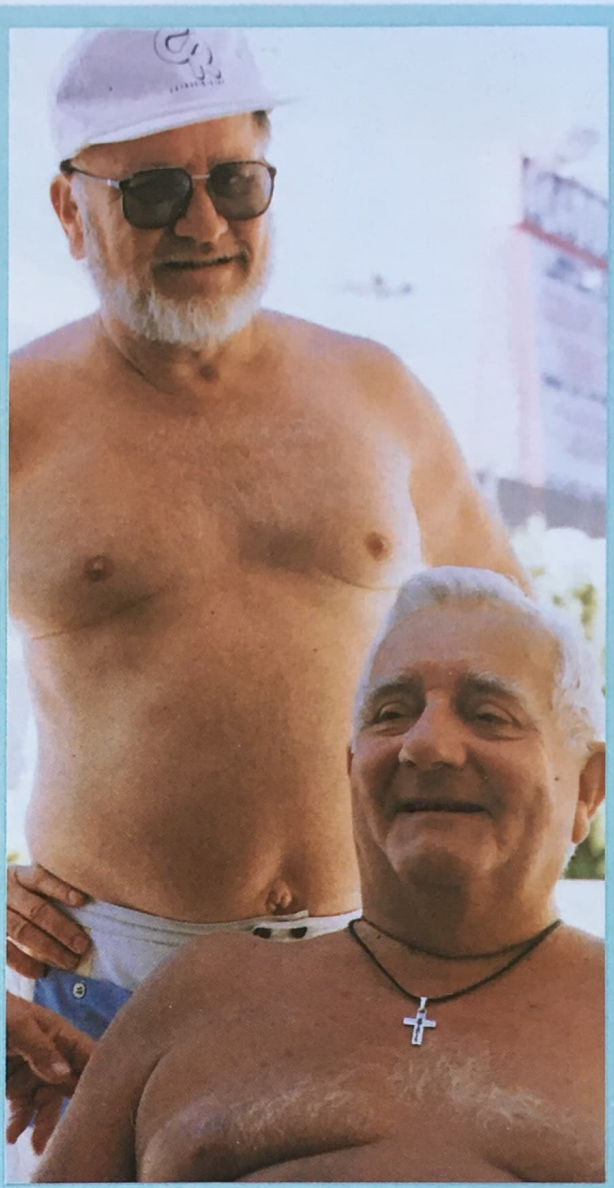


BEACH BUM - photo by LARRY

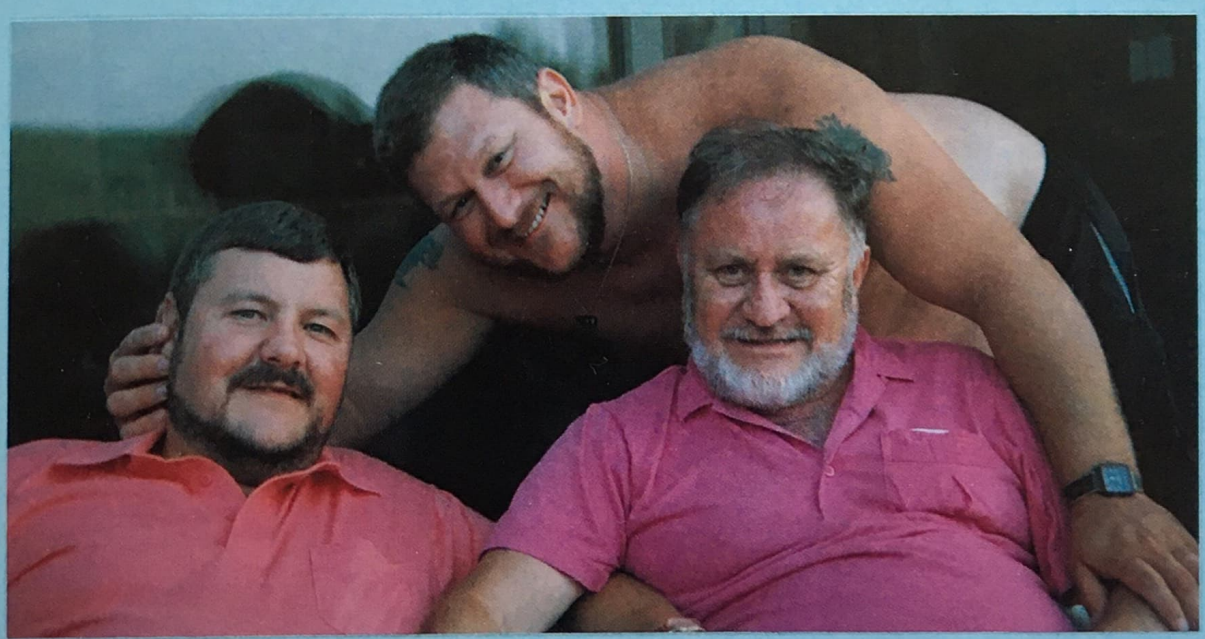
K.T.

SIGHTINGS OF JOHN McNEILL AND FRIENDS

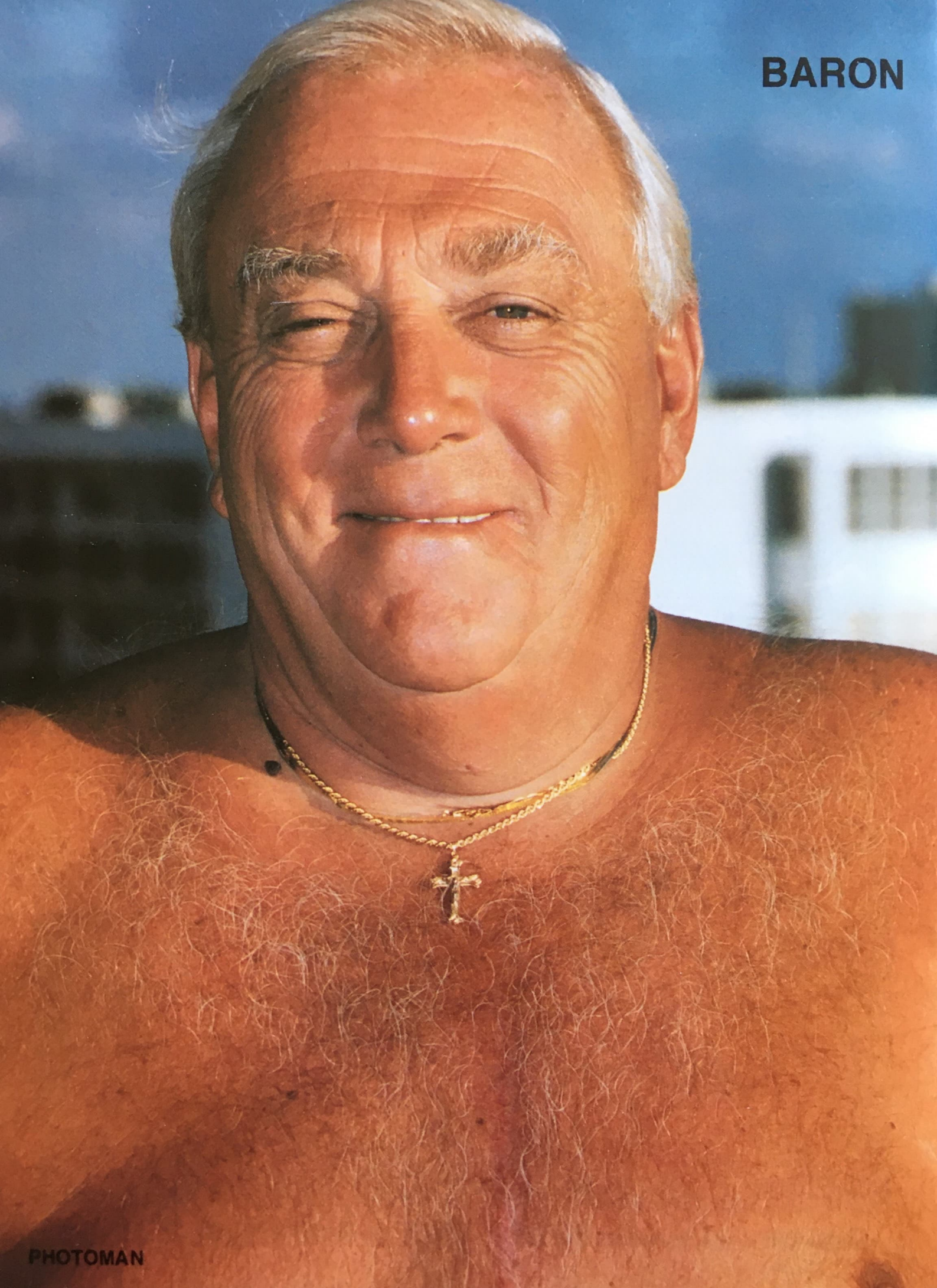
POOLSIDE WITH **JUST PLAIN BOB**
IN LAS VEGAS (PHOTO: PHOTOMAN)



HAVING PRESIDED OVER **BABY** AND
PAPA BEAR'S EXCHANGE OF VOWS
IN LAS VEGAS (PHOTO:BRIAN)



CHILLIN' OUT IN NEW YORK WITH **PETER BUILT & SMITTY** (PHOTO: CHARLIE)


BARON
PHOTOMAN

PROFILES OF OUR MODELS, PHOTOGRAPHERS AND ARTISTS

MODELS

FRONT COVER:

THE MAGICIAN: 57, 5'10", 187#, the South. He likes the arts, particularly theatre, heart-smart cooking, interaction. He's looking for penpals and friends from all over for whatever. He and model HORNBLOWER are in an open relationship, but both enjoy hearing from and meeting other men.

Page 2: **MR. CHIPS**: 48, 5'6", 200#, Boston, single. He likes computers, music and movies and is looking for older, chubby males for safe and sensuous good times and lasting friendship.

Page 13: **NEW YORK TAURUS**: 64, 5'-11", 215#, Western New York, single. He likes outdoors, bicycling, working out, cuddling, kissing and quiet times. He's looking for that special person with similar likes.

Page 16: **WILL**: 65, 5'7", 157#, Nebraska, single. He likes cuddling, loving, classical music, travel, golf. Looking for 35-75 who likes music, travel and lots of loving tender care.

HOT WHEELS: 46, 5'-10", 185#, Michigan, single. He likes mature men and adventures.

MANUEL:30ish, Sonora, Mexico, single. He's a journalist and loves to hear from mature men in the U.S.

RANGER AL & BEAR CUB: San Francisco couple in a closed relationship but open to freindships. If the relationship is every opened up, your editor-in-chief will be first in line for Ranger Al.

Page 17: **THE NUDIST**: 59, 175#, Florida, single. He likes daddy/son friendships and likes to correspond and exchange photos.

MR. RUPERT: 38, 6'-1", 215#, Northern California, in an open relationship. He likes older men, quiet evenings and cuddling.

Page 24: **BOSSMAN**: 40, 5'-11", 205#, Ft. Lauderdale. In a relationship. He likes traveling, ocean, nude sunbathing, body rubs. He's very happy with live-in teddy bear, but would like to hear from couples and singles.

Page 25: **SAILOR'S MATE**: 59, 5'-5", 155#, Northwest, in an open relationship. He likes psychology, art, English saddle riding, nudism, intelligence. Looking for pen friends and meetings. Prefer over 50, hairy, but not too heavy.

Page 27: **MURRAY RIVER MAN**: 66, 5'-10", 210#, Riverland, South Australia. He likes the outdoors, nude beaches, canoeing, travel, cooking. He's looking for 35-60, sincere, versatile in bed, passionate, well-endowed mates to service.

WAZZA: 49, 5'-8", 130#, Adelaide, single. He likes outdoors, tennis, swimming, nude beaches, gym. Looking for 35 yrs plus, sincere, passionate, well-built.

OUTBACK JACK: 50, 5'-10", 190#, Adelaide, single. He likes nude beaches, outdoors, sports, oil painting and is looking for over 50, chubby big men, sincere, outgoing type of blokes. Will correspond with all.

Page 28: **ROB & RON**: 32/55, 6'-3"/5'-7", 250#/240#, Westchester County, New York, in an open relationship with each other. They like traveling, dining out, socializing and seek good times and good friendships with other couples and singles.

Page 29: **DADDY STEVE**: 53, 6'-2", 225#, Seattle, in an open relationship. He likes short, stocky, hairy bears, music, cooking, travel, sex. Spent 30 years as a construction worker.

FLORIDA BANKER: 80, 5'-11", 172#, Florida, in a closed relationship. He likes travel, antiques, reading. He and his mate seek friendship only.

OMAHA ROMANTIC: 44, 5'-11", 270#, Omaha, single. He likes art, opera, music, theater, reading. Looking for passionate men, sexually and otherwise, and romance. Not into role-playing or other games.

PANCHO: 5'-9", 190#, San Diego, single. Enjoys the beach, music, entertaining and is interested in friendship/relationship with men aged 30-50, medium build preferred.

Page 30: **BAY AREA JIM**: 67, 5'-10", 198#, San Francisco, single. He likes cuddling, travelling, languages and is looking for 35-50 y/o white male who is financially independent and free to travel.

JOHN R.: 41, 5'-8", 145#, Massachusetts, in an open relationship. He likes tattoos, working out, camping, swimming, beer and bars. He's hoping to meet other men in Mass and NH. He and his partner enjoy getting together with other men.

RICK: 49, 6'-2", 280, San Francisco, single. He likes the usuals that appear in all the ads: movies, music, quiet times, etc. Looking for the love of a good man, a soul mate, partner, friend, lover, pal, confidante.

JOE ESPOSITO: 62, 5'-4", 160#, California, single. He likes organ playing, woodworking, movies, dining out once a week, and television. He's looking for a relationship with a light drinker who enjoys a good home and doing things together.

Page 31: **GREG & DON**: 29/73, 5'-9"/5'-8", 74 kg/75 kg, Perth, Western Australia, in a relationship with each other. They enjoy nude beaches, cycling, travelling Australia. They enjoy socializing with people from across the globe at their very own Swanbourne Beach.

LAPIN: 72, 5'-5", 154#, Southeast Louisiana, single. He likes walking, music, photography, nudity, cruising, quiet times and seeks friendhip and compatible cruise companion. Prefers nonsmoker but not carved in stone.

DRAGON: 70, 5'-5", 135#, Sacramento, single. He's a retired nonsmoker/drinker who is interested in cooking, gardening and swimming. He seeks friends and a relationship .

JOHN B.: 56 y/o Dutch-born Australian, living in Victoria. He's been known to entertain visitors from the U.S . He's single and loves all aspects of serious music.

Page 32: **COPTER MAN & ROBERT**: 58/52, 5'-7"/5'-8",152/175, Mesa, Arizona, in a personal relationship with each other. They like classical music, hiking, reading, computers, cars, birdwatching. Looking for penpals and nearby friends.

BEACH BUM: 58, 6'-1", 225#, Florida, single. He likes nudity, romance, theater, music, animals, outdoors, exhibitionism. He's looking for friends and penpals, 45-65, nice looking, with good sense of humor, great personality, and the desire to make love with no games.

K.T.: 31, 6'-0", 155#, Colorado, single. He likes nice restaurants and being with someone he really cares about. He's looking for a clean-shaven man in his 60s whose mind isn't on sex all the time.

Page 33: **JOHN McNEILL**: is a celebrated gay and lesbian religious leader and considered a national treasure. He lives with CR editor CHARLIE CHIARELLI in New York State.

JUST PLAIN BOB: 71, 5'-9", 225#, Florida & NYC, in an open relationship. He likes young, hung, hot men with a pleasing personality in a nice package.

BABY & PAPA BEARS: CR's most famous intergenerational couple. They have a very healthy open relationship and are more fun than eating ice cream. If you haven't visited their bed and breakfast place north of San Francisco, you haven't lived. See their ad in this issue.

PETER BUILT & SMITTY: Late 30s, rugged, New York State, in an open relationship. Here's a new one: two guys pushing 40 who both like older men, especially masculine, husky, hairy ones. Both are delights.

Page 34: **BARON**: 55, 5'-9", 250#, in an open relationship. He likes young and dark-haired men, preferably Hispanic.

Page 48: **NAPPY**: 63, 5'-10", 215#, San Fernando Valley near L.A., in an open relationship. He's an avid traveler and belongs to an old car club. He prefers masculine men 50+. Beards, hairy, moustaches are all pluses. Has a fetish for redheads of any age.

Page 59: **PALM SPRINGS TOM**: 58, 5'-11", 170#, single. He likes submissive young men, long-term relationship, swimming pools, mountains, the Southewst, leather, levis and nudism. Looking for honesty, sincere 45+.

BACK COVER:

BARON: See page 34 .

ARTISTS

QUETZAL, 41, is a very bright and attractive artist who lives with model PLOVER in West Hollywood. He's one of our most prolific contributors.

In addition to being our most popular and prolific artist, **RAM** is a prominent Midwest portrait and landscape artist . He lives in Illinois and Florida with his mate BOB and spends most of his time in horticulture and painting. People actually pay admission to see his gardens because they are so spectacular.

SYROOS is 55 and lives in Southern California. He thoroughly enjoys drawing older men.

PRINCIPAL PHOTOGRAPHERS

PHOTOMAN lives in the Midwest, but not for long. He's not single any more either, ever since he met model PHOTOMATE. He made quite a hit at both the Las Vegas and Orlando Gatherings and has been supplying us with an incredible amount of great photos for all three magazines. PHOTOMAN is CR's principal staff photographer and video consultant.

HORNBLOWER has been a model for CR on several occasions, but this issue's cover shot is his first published photo. HORNBLOWER and THE MAGICIAN live in Georgia.

THE CR CLASSIFIEDS

1. COMMERCIAL RESPONSE TO PERSONAL ADS: The express purpose of our personal ads is to aid our readers in finding friends and mates. Any ads of a commercial nature must be placed in the commercial section. Readers responding to personal ads may not use such opportunity to distribute commercial materials. We reserve the right to deny advertising and forwarding privileges to any person found doing this.

2. PERSONAL ADVERTISER'S RESPONSIBILITY: Personal advertisers are urged to answer all mail received, provided the responder is generally the type of person targeted in the ad. We will deny advertising and forwarding privileges to flagrant, repeat offenders.

3. PUBLISHER'S LIMITATION OF RESPONSIBILITY: We take no responsibility for any undesirable relationship or experience resulting from the use of our classified ads, be they personal or commercial. We will monitor all ads and refuse to publish those which obviously imply fraud or peril. Very unsavory people have been known to use publications to victimize readers and advertisers. Seemingly innocent ads designed to lure as many readers as possible into a criminal scam or government sting operation are sometimes placed in erotic magazines. These people also respond to the ads of others with the same come-on. We urge our readers to use these ads with the utmost caution and common sense.

4. AGE REQUIREMENT: All responders and advertisers must be 18 or over. The exclusion of an age limitation in any ad does not constitute an invitation to minors.

5. OUTDATED ADS: Do not answer ads in older issues. People move and post office boxes change hands. Your letter could end up in the wrong hands. Unforwardable letters will be marked with a "U" and returned to sender.

6. SEXUALLY EXPLICIT ADS: We will not publish ads with sexually explicit or coarse language designed more for shock value than for attracting a partner. We reserve the right to edit, rewrite or reject ads.

7. INSTRUCTIONS FOR ANSWERING CODED ADS, which are those with **BOLD** code names at the end of the ad and no address:

a. Write, stamp and seal your letter inside a discreet envelope. Make sure you have enough postage for overweight and foreign letters. YOUR RETURN ADDRESS MUST BE ON THE LETTER. If you do not have access to U.S. stamps, send $1 or 2 international reply coupons for every 3 letters. Stamped letters not meeting the above requirements will be returned with no explanation. Letters with no stamps affixed will be shredded.

b. **IN PENCIL ONLY**, lightly write the codeword in the center of the envelope.

c. Place your letter(s) inside a larger envelope and mail to CR at P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

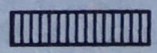
8. INSTRUCTIONS FOR WRITING MODELS, WRITERS AND OTHER CONTRIBUTORS: Same as #7.

NOTICE - WE WILL NOT:

1. WAIT IN LINE AT THE POST OFFICE FOR LETTERS WITH POSTAGE DUE. SUCH LETTERS WILL NOT BE CLAIMED.

2. FORWARD LARGE QUANTITIES OF MAIL FOR THOSE READERS WHO WRITE ALL NEW MODELS AND ADVERTISERS (AND WHO COULD BE PHOTO COLLECTORS OR MAILING LIST COMPILERS). WE WILL FORWARD FIVE PIECES OF MAIL PER WRITER AT NO CHARGE. FOR EVERY LETTER OVER FIVE, YOU MUST ENCLOSE $1 EACH (6 LETTERS = $1; 10 LETTERS = $5; 12 LETTERS = $7, ETC.). THIS IS *PER WRITER*, NOT *PER ENVELOPE*.

3. FORWARD LETTERS WITHOUT PROPER POSTAGE. NOTE THE RECENT POSTAGE INCREASE BY USPS.



ALABAMA

(8/95) DOTHAN: WM, 32, 180#, 5'-11", trapped in a Baptist world! Looking for a mature, hairy gentleman, 45-up, for close relationship. I'm a nonsmoker, light drinker with a passion for reading, classical music, and the arts. Write: Ken, P.O. Box 9122, Dothan, AL 36304.

ARIZONA

(6/95) LOCAL/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 41, 5'-10", 195#, brown hair and eyes. Love country music, movies, laughing, intimacy. Seek correspondence with men any age, but prefer my age or older for friendship, possible meeting. Write: **DESERT GUY**

(8/95) ARIZONA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 6 ft., 250#, HIV negative, live in Tucson area. Looking for someone 30-50 to build a monogamous relationship with. Drink/drug free, nonsmoker. Enjoy all forms of sex as long as safe. Your photo gets mine. Write: **BAREKAT**

(6/95) PHOENIX/CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 34, 5'-9", 150#, seeks a special relationship with a cultured man; a man who can truly appreciate affection, intelligence, sincerity, caring and commitment from a younger yet sensitive and gentle man. If you desire to explore a creative and imaginative friendship that focuses on harmony, growth and quality, a unique guy is waiting to share the rewards with you . Write: **IDEALIST**

(6/95) ARIZONA/NATIONWIDE: 44, 5'-9", 160#, with submissive houseboy attitude, likes sports, bicycling, reading, collecting baseball cards/autographs, seeks stern, dominant older men or couples for friendship or more. Write: **HONEYDOER**

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

(12/95) SAN FRANCISCO/NATIONWIDE: Caring WM, 58, 5'10", 180#, 9 thick cut inches. Looking for dominant, take charge, classy, well-to-do man over 55. I enjoy being spanked. Would like advice on my businesses. I will do whatever it takes to make you feel great all over. Write or call: Roger Silberman, 962 Jones #1, San Francisco, CA 94109, (415) 441-5191.

(10/95) SAN FRANCISCO: GWM, 49, seeking long-term relationship. Me: 6'-2", 280#, blue eyes, short dark hair, beard, mustache, moderately hairy, small to average endowment, cut, Fr A/P, Gr P/A, many interests. You: GM, 30-70, short, balding, hairy, and seeking lover. Note: All physical characteristics are negotiable. Write: Taylor, 146 Portola Dr. #201, San Francisco, CA 94131.

(6/95) BURLY SON LOOKING FOR TRIM DAD: Son: WM, 5'-10", 210#, 48, professional, attractive, assertive, in SF Bay Area. You: Trim, 6 ft.+, 55+, dominant and affectionate, established, executive type. Both: Nonsmokers, no drugs, HIV negative, masculine. WS/large nippled dad great! Bi/Mar/Ex-mil great! Send photo/detailed letter. **BURLYSON**

(12/95) SAN FRANCISCO BAY AREA: Husky, bearded, HIV neg., masculine Dad seeks Son. Photo to: Ken, Box 722, Campbell, CA 95009.

(6/95) CR CLASSICS #4 MODEL: GWM, in great shape with a solid libido. Retired professional, 67, 5'-10", 180#, HIV neg., blond, uncut power tool. Like romance with a generous amount of sex, swimming, hiking, movies, theater, good food, etc. Looking for GWM, masculine, hung and horny, pleasant personality. Contact Kurt Kalb, 1001 Franklin St. #10B, San Francisco, CA 94109. (415) 776-6313.

(8/95) SACRAMENTO: GWM, 50, 6'-2", average looks,

retired, HIV neg., balding auburn and grey hair, 198#, blue/green eyes, mostly bottom, coming out of 15-year relationship. Seeking GWM, sincere, honest, affectionate, caring, trustful friend, 48 yrs +. Penpals welcome. Write: W.R., 5843 Jansen Dr., Sacramento, CA 95824.

(8/95) NORTHERN CALIFORNIA: 63, 5'-11", 150# and lonely, needs friends, penpals. I enjoy all that homosexuals enjoy. Write: Bob Walsh, 69 Wendy Circle, Grass Valley, CA 95945.

(10/95) NATIONWIDE: Chubby Chaser likes big, burly bruisers with big bones and big bellies, 50++. Partial to short heavy guys too. Relationship oriented. I want to fall in love, run away to Ireland, live on the cliffs by the sea, and roll in the moss forever! Or we can rent a video. I'm 62, 5'-10", 180#, masculine, balanced (financially and emotionally). Since chemistry is first, let's share photos. E.P., P.O. Box 1057, Fairfax, CA 94978.

(8/95) SAN FRANCISCO AREA: Handsome, tall, stocky, bi-married (separated) white, masculine, 56 y/o executive seeks unusual bonding and intellectual/physical stimulation from non-scene good guy. Prefer intellectual, professional, masculine-acting, small-framed, romantic type—into fly fishing, cultural activities, mysticism, father/son fantasies, long-term bonding. HIV negative status only; no smoke, drugs, excess drink, kinky scenes. Age/race no barrier, but emotional and financial self-sufficiency is. Discretion given and expected. Write responsive letter with photo to: **MR. JONN**

(10/95) EAST BAY/NATIONWIDE: Submissive "boy" is 62, 5'-11", 245#, French A, Greek P, HIV negative, with full dentures, silver hair and seven tattoos. Do you J/O using two fingers or two hands? Retired GWM is available any day for a two-fisted stud. See my photo in CR #63. Locals may call (510) 443-3083 and ask for Doggie. If you have a different area code, please send picture of penis to: **DOGGIE**

CENTRAL CALIFORNIA

(6/95) MR. G & MR. PANHANDLE: featured in past CR issues would like to meet other C-Risers who live in the Kern Valley, Bakersfield, Ridgecrest areas for friendship. Please write to: Mr. John P.B., P.O. Box 1253, Lake Isabella, CA 93240.

(12/95) CENTRAL CALIFORNIA: Easy-going, open-minded, pleasure-loving and affectionate senior seeks young-at-heart companion who can still learn new tricks from an old dog. Interests include (but not limited to) nudity, photography, music, theater, massage, hottubs, good food, wine and conversation. I'm 5'-7", 145#, nonsmoker, HIV negative, Greek/P, French/A. Write: **TARHEEL**

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

(8/95) SAN DIEGO: GWM, 51, 5'-11", husky, brown/brown, moustache, smooth chest, cut/average, masculine, discreet. Seeks masculine men into various mutual J/O scenes, erotic massage, revealing clothes, nudity. Write and/or meet. Ed R., P.O. Box 90465, San Diego, CA 92169.

(10/95) NO. ORANGE COUNTY/EAST LA COUNTY: WM, 72, 5'8", 175#, married, HIV-. Seeking midweek, late afternoon friends for oral or ? Write: **PICO**

(2/96) BURBANK/SAN FERNANDO VALLEY: Happily horny, very masculine, versatile GWM, seeks assertive man. Size, age, grey, bald, bellies, potency, not important. You are masculine, HIV negative and you hug like a champ. I am 63, 5'-10", 215#, hairy and very talented. Prefer San Fernando Valley and Burbank. Write Paul, Box 6884, Burbank, CA 91510.

(2/96) LOS ANGELES/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 62, 5'-11", 250#+, glasses, moustache, brown/brown, nonsmoker, passionate (oral A/P) nurturing, creative. Newly retired, financially secure. Seeking masculine lifemate under 40. Any race, body type welcome. Write with photo to: George Green, Box 1312, Canyon Country, CA 91386-1312.

(2/96) SAN DIEGO: GWM, 52, 5'-11", 225#, salt-pepper brown hair, blue eyes, mustache, smooth chest, cut, seeks masculine man to 65 yrs. Enjoy mutual J/O scenes, French, erotic massage, revealing clothes, nudity, frottage. Write/meet, photo exchange. Ed R., P.O. Box 90465, San Diego, CA 92169.

(8/95) PALM SPRINGS/NATIONWIDE: WM, 62, 5'-11", 200#, sincere, Greek passive. Horny but not hard-up. Seeks new friends, all ages, for fun, travel, visits. Write or call: Alfred, Box 911, Thousand Palms, CA 92276, (619) 343-1546.

(2/96) FIT, FIESTY, FIFTY-TWO and ready to provide the right guy with sincerity, companionship, love, and a life filled with growth and sharing. Seeking reality over rhetoric, substance over symbolism. If you're 35 to 50, together, willing to relocate, I'd like to hear from you. We'll exchange photos. Don, P.O. Box 5236, Palm Springs, CA 92263.

(10/95) LOS ANGELES: 66, GWM, discreet, HIV negative, educator/professional, 200#, 6'-0", average build, blue eyes, white hair. In 12-year relationship with HIV positive. Looking for playmate with own place, under 40, boyish, trim, no smoke/drugs; computer plus. Quiet, experimental, no attitude/hang-ups. Warren: (213) 598-1330.

(8/95) CALIFORNIA NATIONWIDE: Gay Senior Male, 61, 5'-7", 165#, would like to share my beautiful ranch home with someone retired in his 60s, in good health and who still drives. Have three-bedroom, two-bath house on 2-1/2 acres with a beautiful view of the city. Am willing to take in two gay seniors such as myself. I am very easy-going and don't smoke of drink, but you can be a social drinker (no smokers or heavy drinkers) who is willing to share expenses. If you are lonesome and alone as I am, come share the good life. I cook, bake and keep a neat home. I love roses, theater, good books, and a good movie. Let's become a family, share the good times and the bad. If you're interested, please write: **LONESOME**

(8/95) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA: Accomplished artist, 65, 6 ft., 246 #, blue-green eyes, horny with big fat uncut dick, seeks younger man, semi-muscular, 180-200#, nonsmoker, non-drinker/drugger. I'm a quiet homebody (too much so) who loves all music, art, theater, camping. One of my paintings appeared in CR 64 and my photo appeared in CR 57. Dick Collins: (818) 964-8121.

COLORADO

(6/95) DENVER/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 59, 5'-8", 170#, balding, hairy, bottom, seeks younger top man, any race, self-supporting, for long-term relationship. Am healthy, HIV negative, educated, stable, affectionate and have diverse interests. Please, no druggies or heavy drinkers. Reply to Paul, P.O. Box 18346, Denver, CO 80218.

(6/95) S.W. COLORADO: Retired, 63, 5'-9", 150#, 6" uncut, short brown/grey hair, beard. I'm a rancher, pilot, skier, photographer, horse and dog trainer. Enjoy collecting S.W. Indian art, classic cars, airplanes, books. Have passion for hairy, bald, blue-eyed, rugged-looking ranchers. Especially attracted to short-clipped, fringe of hair on bald heads, close-cut finger nails, hairy backs, bellies, butts, snap-front fly, boxer shorts, 50-70 yrs, nonsmoker, light drinker, who enjoys domestic travel in RV or private plane. Australia and New Zealand, Mexico, South America - speak a little Spanish. Red, blond or grey-haired fellows, who enjoy being loved and returning that love to this widower who has a lot of love to give to the right ole boy who's out there somewhere. Write: Jack H-D, 601 County Road 309, Durango, CO 81301, or phone (303) 247-4984.

CONNECTICUT

(12/95) ARE YOU A BURLY, FURRY BEAR? GWM, 51, 6'-2", 185#, smooth, sexy bear lover is looking for you! Jan, Box 851, Danbury, CT 06813. (203) 794-0868.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

(8/95) NATIONWIDE: GBM, 41, 210#, 6'-1", mustache, 7" cut, healthy, avidly seeking sex-buddies and no-strings friendships. Turn-ons? Affection, sensual stroking, mutual J/O and French and feet/footwear! Other interests: books, film, theater, music, opera, travel, museums and astrology. Race and age unimportant. Eric, P.O. Box 25012, Washington, DC 20007-8012.

FLORIDA

(8/95) SOUTH FLORIDA/NATIONWIDE: Big bear cub, 44, 6'-3", 260#, adventurous, healthy, intelligent, sexual, professional, hunting for dominant burly papa bear with similar traits, 50-70, 200+ lbs for antics and hibernation (bald/hairy = ++). Respond with photo. **MATING SEASON**

(10/95) FT. LAUDERDALE/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 65, 5'-10", 190#, white mustache and sides, silver hair, caring, loving, sincere, monogamous, great sense of humor, seeking young, slender life mate. Photo appreciated. Write Don, P.O. Box 11313, Fort Lauderdale, FL 33339.

(8/95) JUPITER: GWM, 62, 5'-8", 142#, 7" cut, clean-shaven bottom, swimmer's body, close-cropped, salt & pepper hair, educated, French active and passive, Greek passive, HIV negative, seeks dominant TOP, 55+, for monogamy. Will relocate. P. Monet, P.O. Box 8543, Jupiter, FL 33468.

(6/95) FLORIDA/NATIONWIDE: Retired GWM, 68, 5'-10", 250+ lbs, seeks permanent, monogamous mate, 6 ft. plus, HIV negative, husky, nonsmoking/drinking, into health, nutrition, cooking and cultural arts. Write: **KOOKABURRA**

(6/95) NORTH FLORIDA: Stable GWM, 48, gray/brown hair, moustache, 5'-8", 195#, HIV negative, as comfortable with football as with Les Miserables. Likes music, sports, quiet times with a few good friends. Would like to meet masculine gentleman, age not relevant to maturity, on the beefy side with good sense of humor, who likes to have conversations and laughs, who has compatible interests and is comfortable with himself, for possible lasting friendship/relationship. Write: **BULLDAWG**

(6/95) WEST COAST OF FLORIDA: If you are in your 30s and want a secure future filled with love, caring, affection and an opportunity to develop to your fullest capacity, write to me. I'm a GWM in my early 60s and because of prostate problems, can function in every way except active sex. I have everything in life except a loving partner. Could it be you? Write: **MEMPHIS**

(10/95) OCALA: GWM, 50, HIV negative. Offers uninhibited mutual pleasure in the comfort of your home. Hard and horny, have it the way you want it. Creative and fun group welcome. No relationship wanted. Write: Pat Peerless, P.O. Box 1447, Belleview, FL 34421.

(6/95) FLORIDA: Young in heart and appearance, this 78 yr young GWM is in search of a gay but masculine senior who is honest, sincere and affectionate, for friendship and fun, day or evening. South Broward area or north Dade is preferred. I'm a retired professional, a college graduate, widower, a silver fox with average looks, 5'-6" tall and weigh 160#. I'm a nonsmoker, moderate drinker who loves life, music, the arts, good food and a quiet, cozy evening at home. Sexually I'm Fr A/Gr P when aroused. However, I find that spending quality time in foreplay is very stimulating and satisfying. If you're tired of the singles scene, let's meet and get acquainted. No strings attached. A letter with your picture (returnable) gets mine. Sorry, no picture, no answer. Write: **DIOGENES**

(8/95) FLORIDA/NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: GWM, 55, 6 ft, 205#, brown/brown with slight greying of the hair, HIV negative, fatherly type, looking for younger son/brother to care for and share with. Only prerequisite is a willingness to bond and be intimate. Write: **FATHER JOHN**

(6/95) ORLANDO: 40, SWM, 5'-6", 180#, HIV negative, seeking same, older, with whom a monogamous relationship may develop. Photo, phone, letter for response. **TROPHY**

GEORGIA

(4/96) AFFECTIONATE, CUDDLY, PLAYFUL TEDDY BEAR: 48, 5'-10", 190#, with smiling blue eyes and brown hair, seeks loving soul mate, 20-55. Ken, P.O. Box 16374, Savannah, GA 31416.

(6/95) GEORGIA/NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: GWM, 58, 6'-2", 170#, drink/drug free, nonsmoker. Let's exchange info and photo about ourselves. Write Ed, 215 Shirly Dr., Warner Robins, GA 31088.

(8/95) ATLANTA: Sharp, creative GWM, 57, 5'-10", 195, homebody, into the arts, nature, self-growth, seeks compatible young man who wants a reciprocal relationship. I'm non-materialistic, non-glamorous, and prefer to cut to and live at the heart of things. Jim, Box 2158, Decatur, GA 30031.

IDAHO

(6/95) IDAHO/NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: GWM bottom, seeks gay male top, Daddy Bear, lifemate. Letter, photo to Ken T., 311 - 3rd Ave. East #3, Twin Falls, ID 83301.

(See WASHINGTON)

ILLINOIS

(8/95) ILLINOIS: GWM, 61, 5'-10", 150#, young-looking, loving, caring, honest, any race, age 50 to 70. Like bald, dark skin. Near Peoria and LaSalle. Write: Ed, Box 231, Bureau, IL 61315.

(8/95) ILLINOIS: WM, 5'-9", 170#, Chicago. Seek white, 65-75, masculine, HIV negative, heavy but not overly heavy man. Kindness and sincerity a must. Mate of 35 years died two years ago. Am ready for new friendships. Write: **JULES**

INDIANA

(6/95) NORTHERN INDIANA: BiWM, 47, 6'-1", 260#, mustached, healthy, smoke and drug free, romantic, educated, intelligent, loving, caring, and who wishes to break free of a straight and narrow existence. In search of 40s+ mentor to help me out. Expect loving and caring individual who is nonsmoker/drinker and patient enough to lead me in my quest for my male spirituality. Likes closeness, safe and pain-free experiences, including massage, hugging, and togetherness. Let's see what develops. Relocation? Relationship? A photo would be nice. Write: **GREGHOST**

(8/95) CENTRAL INDIANA: GWM, 60s, 5'-7", 160# (give or take a little), bald with silver white fringe. I am a very warm-hearted and open-minded person seeking someone who is young at heart, honest and very trustworthy. I am HIV negative and seeking same. I am a nonsmoker, non-drinker, and not into drugs. Seeking a friend who is similar and wanting closeness. Monogamous minded. Quiet and shy. Write: **TANNER**

(4/96) WEST-CENTRAL INDIANA/NATIONWIDE: 52, 5'-9", 185#, 6" uncut, brown hair, blue eyes. Looking for older (60s to 80s) white, clean-shaven, gray/white hair, uncut, short and

stocky a plus. I'm a social drinker, smoke a pipe, like golfing, fishing and traveling. I have a lot of love to share with anyone who likes a good man-to-man relationship. Send photo and phone number to R.D.W., 1536 S. Center St., Terre Haute, IN 47802.

KANSAS

(6/95) NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: Asian sought by GWM, 58, 6'-2", 200#, gray/brown hair, green eyes. I would like to correspond with and meet an Asian man of any age. Chubby a plus but not necessary. I'm a business owner whose interests include travel, classical music, and Asian culture and food. Photo welcomed. Write: **KANSAN**

MARYLAND

(8/95) NATIONWIDE: Conservative GWM, 66, 5'-8", 140#, smooth body with Brown hair/eyes, gray 'stache and HIV negative. I am a small-endowed, service-oriented bottom, seeking to please unpretentious, mature (pref. 40+) masculine top (gay-bi or straight) with friendship, affection and sex. Looks and endowment not as important as honesty, compatibility, sincerity, caring attitude and respect for traditional Christian values. Enjoy classic films, opera and most other music, animals, quiet times with good friends and long walks. Am financially self-sufficient and relocation a possibility for right connection, especially in rural or semi-rural community. Would also appreciate penpal letters describing your part of the country. Write: **GEMINI**

MASSACHUSETTS

(8/95) CHEST TO CHEST - CHEEK TO CHEEK: GWM, 45, 5'-11", 185#, moustache, healthy, hairy, balding, good body, good mind, wants to meet mature men for warm, long relationships. Let's share each other. Penpals from anywhere welcome. Photo appreciated. Write: Dick, P.O. Box 756, Reading, MA 01867-0405.

(8/95) BOSTON: Single daddy type, 65, seeks one special young man, 25-45, any race, for serious relationship. Your location not important. I can travel now, maybe relocate later. See recent CR photos. **BOSTON BILL**

(8/95) LOWELL: GWM, 48, 5'-6", 210#, bearded and hairy. Interested in special friendship/sensuous times with older, chubby men. Beards a plus. Write: J.S., Box 9371, Lowell, MA 01853-9371. All with photo answered.

MICHIGAN

(6/95) MICHIGAN: Blond, blue-eyed, hairy and hung (7" cut), searching for a hairy, hung, older man, 40-65 (small pot belly a plus) for J/O sessions. Nude photo welcomed for my fantasies. Blondie, P.O. Box 36886, Grosse Pointe, MI 48236.

(6/95) HUDSON: 59-year-old white male seeking 59+. I'm single, 5'-7", 190#, and live on a farm. Seek older white, lean men for fun and maybe more. Prefer white collar types. 5355 Dey Road, Hudson, MI 49247, or call (517) 448-8424.

MISSISSIPPI

(8/95) WANTED: LIVE-IN PARTNER or Gult Coast visitors who are 50-65, French passive, preferably uncut, and who likes dogs. Me: 68, 5'-9", 163#, uncut, blue eyes, brown hair, crewcut. Tom Horner, 212 Ballentine, Bay St. Louis, MS 39520.

(12/95) THE TRAVELIN' PROFESSOR: Ex-professor of history, 69 years old, 6'-2", 173#, grey hair, brown eyes, versatile. Especially interested in meeting priests, clergy, and other professionals. Can visit and host. Write: J.W., P.O. Box 4056, Biloxi, MS 39535.

MONTANA

(See WASHINGTON)

(6/95) MONTANA: 60, 6'-4", 225#, very hairy and nicely hung, handsome, brown/grey-hazel. Bisexual, Greek-French A/P, professional singer. Like to meet bi or gay men in the western states for friends and lovers. Write: **FREQUENT FLYER**

NEW JERSEY

(6/95) INTELLIGENT, LOYAL FRIEND: sincere, caring and affectionate. BiWM, 66, 5'-11", 165#; interests include cultural, scientific, spiritual, sexual. Me: Dignified, balding, fit, HIV negative. You: Mature (any age), enjoy intimacy, communication, control. Ken (201) 592-6690, 6-11:30 pm or weekends. Will return all calls.

(6/95) NEW JERSEY/NEW YORK/PHILADELPH/NEW HOPE ONLY: DWPM Me: Executive, well-educated, compassionate, traditional values, clean-cut, non-nerdy but focused, housebroken, relates well with people, discerning, reliable, very comfortably closeted, emotionally alive, suburban guy next door type, healthy lifestyle and huggable. Enjoy music and concerts, theater, cinema—especially art houses, opera, some spectator sports, evenings at home, performance art, NYC, humor, ethnic restaurants, psychology, politics, beaches, and kisses on the back of my neck. Objective: Affection/friendship/safe sex only. You: WM, nonsmoker/drug user, masculine, average or husky build okay, to age 60, who can relate to the "snapshot" of me. Work in central New Jersey, but reside in both Morris and Passaic Counties. In NYC weekly and Philly once or twice per month. I am 46, 5'-8", 167#, Italian. Please respond to P.C., Box 1711, Clifton, NJ 07015.

(8/95) JERSEY CITY: Distinguished looking, professional, 63 years young, 5'-9", 230#, into making love, having sex, quiet evenings, small parties. Honest. Can travel. French A/P, Greek P. Will answer all. Write: **JERSEY BANKER**

NEW YORK

(10/95) NEW YORK/NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: Seeking 45+ top man. Me: 45-year-old Italian, bottom, hairy, moustache, 180#, 5'-11", service-oriented, looking to please mature, masculine top man with hot (safe) sex and lots of affection. Masculine, powerful, positive attitude more important than looks of stats. Your photo gets mine. Photos returned. Write: **DRONGO**

(6/95) LONG ISLAND: GWM 44 yrs, 5'7", 150#, bald/brown/green, clean-shaven, muscular, seeks hirsute, clean-cut, in-shape, endowed (like BRUNO), caring, sensitive guy. Reply with photo/phone: **MUSCLES**

(6/95) USED FRENCH SEAT, NYC, 68 YEARS OLD: Classic tongue-in-groove construction for thorough sitting satisfaction. Seasoned model fully services front and rear. Looks and endowment not important. Relaxed and naturally selfish, clean white male, any age over 50 appreciated. Write: **CHAIR-MAN**

(6/95) LONG ISLAND: GWM, 45, 5'-2", 125#, brown hair, blue eyes, moustache, eyeglasses, handsome and masculine. Cigarette smoker, light drinker. French A/P, Greek A. Interests include antiques, music, PBS, dancing, swimming, long walks, quiet nights at home, warm and gentle loving and giving. Looking for an older lifemate, similar body type/interests. Photo please. **RATMAN**

(8/95) OZONE PARK: Very sensuous GWM, 57, 5'-7", 165#, uncut/average, seeking mature men, 57-70+, HIV negative, as I, please. Lots of hugging, kissing and cuddling. Love mutual J/O and B/J. Want to get together 3,4,5 times a week for sensuous encounters with clean-shaven face (mustache okay) men, gay or

bi. Also love slightly chubby, crossdressers, married, widowered. Also group encounters considered. Write: **BOBOPO**

(Note: The following ad had a typo in last issue: "do drugs" should have read "no drugs." We regret the error.)

(8/95) NEW YORK: GWM, 53, 5'-7", 200#, masculine, blue/brown, healthy, moderately hairy, mustache, sense of humor, no drugs/smoke, sincere. Seeks masculine type daddy, over 180#, mature (40+), any race, with hot (safe) sex, moderate S & M, and heavy affection. I enjoy travel, foods, country life, nature, beach, mountains, walks, movies. Serious replies with photo. Write: **DINGO**

(6/95) NEW YORK: I'm an affectionate, furry, fun-loving GWM, 47, 5'-9", 175#, brown/brown, with mustache, looking to find special, smooth and or smoother-bodied 50s to 60s guy for good friendship and hopefully long-term monogamous relationship. We both enjoy the theater, movies, travel, dining, good singers, music, dancing, long walks, talks, romance. Love to laugh. You also enjoy slow, gentle, full-bodied massage and lots of kissing, cuddling, and gentle touching. New York City and vicinity preferred. Penpals too. Write: **NEW YORK ROMANCER**

(10/95) BROOKLYN: Sexy, boyish 33 y/o, handsome, 6'-3", 240#, football player frame. Seeking older men for friendship. After dinner, theatre, or a board game, I like to sit back and be serviced. Denture wearers welcome. Possible occasional reciprocation. I am a clean, HIV negative smoker. Write: **BUTCH BOY**

(12/95) NEW YORK/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 68, 6'-1", 170#, brown hair with white streak, seeks 30-65, smooth body, for friendship and more. Oral service, fit, discreet and sincere. Your photo gets mine. Write: **BIG BOB**

PENNSYLVANIA

(6/95) COCHRANVILLE: Sentimental Asian from Far East Asia, 35, 5'-9", 145#, seeks romantic gentleman, 60+ for relationship. Interests: nature, cooking, cuddling, etc. Write: H.F., P.O. Box 91, Cochranville, PA 19330.

(6/95) SOUTHEASTERN PA: GWM, 64, retired, grey-blue eyes, in search of a very discreet, clean, sincere friend (for a relationship?) who likes dining out in good, quiet restaurants, travel, photography, TNN music and good movies. Must be employed, between 26-48, no drugs or weirdos. No wanna short dick man. No drunks or party animals or play around man or bull shit man. Must be masculine and average or trim build, caring, considerate, affectionate, in search of happiness in a relaxed atmosphere, with a good lifestyle and a good man. Your photo gets mine. I need a steady friend. Write: **VICTOR THE BLUEBIRD**

(6/95) PHILADELPHIA AREA: Young 45-year-old GWM, 5'-5", 165#, new to area. Trim beard and mustache, balding. Moderately hairy. Into arts, dining out, cooking, hiking, and movies. Seek mature friends or pen pals my age and older. Hairy a plus. Will answer all with photo. Write: **T. BEAR**

SOUTH DAKOTA

(6/95) SOUTH DAKOTA: WM, 40, 6 ft., 235#. Responsible, clean, masculine, non-promiscuous, nonsmoker/nondrinker, discreet, confidential. Many interests including gardening, nature, music. Especially interested in farmers/ranchers. Seeking 30-60 for friendship and oral-only. Prefer stocky build. Write: **EX-FARM BOY**

TEXAS

(6/95) SHERMAN: GWM, looking for an honest and sincere person for a good, honest relationship. I do not drink or smoke or use drugs. I'm 53 years old, with blue eyes and brown hair. Weight: 190#. HIV negative. Write to John Brewer, 719 S. Charles, Sherman, TX 75090. (903) 868-2448.

(10/95) TEXAS/NATIONAL/INTERNATIONAL: GWM, 64, 5'-8", 165#, brown eyes, silver hair, excellent health. Non-smoker, Dutch. Professional, retire anytime. Interests include stained glass/woodworking, needlepoint, good antiques, classical music, plants, animals. Greek/French A/P, uncut. Seek warm, affectionate, monogamous lifemate. Will relocate. Hank Weyland, 1607 Pearl, Nacogdoches, TX 75961.

WASHINGTON

(8/95) SEATTLE AREA MAN SEEKS YOUNGER PARTNER who is masculine, honest, self-sufficient, mature and who wants a monogamous long-term relationship. I'm 58, 6'-1", 210#, bearded, hairy, aggressive, and affectionate. I'm self-employed; have diverse interests; and enjoy skiiing, hiking, sailing, travel, working out, friends and home. You be willing to follow at times but lead at others. Are you willing to make the commitment and effort to build a strong relationship? Can you relocate? Write Sam, P.O. Box 5132, Everett, WA 98206-5132, or call (206) 292-1096.

(8/95) WASHINGTON/IDAHO/MONTANA: GWM, 54, 135#, 5'-7", vacationing August 95, wishes to contact C-Risers for fun and friendship. Can pay own way. Your pix gets mine. Write: Lannon, P.O. Box 42034, Santa Barbara, CA 93140.

(8/95) WASHINGTON/TACOMA AREA: 65 y/o, 185#, 5'-8", in platonic marriage. Seeks companionship with 60 y/o and older. Write: **TACOMA RIC**

WISCONSIN

(6/95) WISCONSIN: WM, 38, 5'-7", 195#, brown hair, hazel eyes, HIV negative, mustache. Enjoys music, Star Trek, to rendezvous, nature, and a good laugh. Seeking older, attractive men for pen pals, friends or more. Must be easy-going, fun-loving, sincere and HIV negative. Thick chested and hairy a plus. Write: **RENDEZVOUS**

INTERNATIONAL

(Letters to coded advertisers will be returned to sender if postage is insufficient. Canada is 40 cents; Elsewhere is 50 cents.)

(10/95) INTERNATIONAL: GWM 6'2", 225#, 52 yrs old, HIV neg, financially independent, living in U.S.A. as well as Europe, smoker, social drinker, would like to meet Ram-type 50+, husky, hairy, masculine, take-charge gentleman who has a good sense of humor, who is able to spend two months at a time in Europe, tuxedo to him is the same as wearing blue jeans, experienced in the international straight and gay social life and if you have a twinkle in your eye, that will make it perfect. Please, if possible, send picture, which I will return, and letter to: **OSPREY**

(6/95) CANADA: Bright, sincere, cultured and professionally educated Chinese male, 30, 5'-4", 150# (stocky type), seeks cultured and accomplished male, 55+, for friendship leading to a committed relationship. Willing to relocate for the right person. Write: **DANBY**

(8/95) CANADA: GM, retired professional, 65, 5'-9", 175#, masculine, hairy, balding, in excellent health, young at heart. Interests are reading, music, travel, conversation. Social drinker, nonsmoker. Seeking sincere, affectionate male, 30+, for friendship/relationship/penpals. A photo included in your detailed letter will be appreciated. Write to: C. Beckstead, 8 Marigold Street, Brantford, Ontario, Canada, N3R 5W8, or call (519) 753-4580.

(4/97) ITALY: I am 25, virile, lovely, sensual. I love nudism and I seek mature men, 45-80, for friendship, exchanging correspondence, phone talk and, if possible, a visit. Letter with photo and/or phone appreciated. Will answer all. Write: **FERRARI**

(8/95) MEXICO BOUND: GWM couple, 49 & 69, thinking of moving to Baja California. Would like to correspond with others living there to provide information and help with relocating there. Write: Keefer, P.O. Box 8503, Red Bluff, CA 96080. Others with like thinking should also respond. Please include phone number.

(10/95) AUSTRALIA: GWM, 41, 5'-11", 200#, solid masculine build, blue eyes, romantic, intelligent, company director, loyal, sincere, and appreciates the finer things in life. Will visit U.S.A. in '95. Seeks GWM, 50-65, financially secure and seeking a monogamous life partner (pen pals also encouraged). Prefer men with short chubby build exceeding 230#, clean-shaven, gray and/or balding, passive, uncut, large balls, white underwear. Distinguished looking with a sense of humor and love of life. Photo exchange. Respond to: "Stephen," P.O. Box 212, Scarborough Beach 6019, Perth, Western Australia, AUSTRALIA.

(8/95) ALBERTA: GWM, 70, 5'-10", 185#, 6", uncut, social drinker, nonsmoker, wants 50+. Prefer to receive than give sex, cuddle, hug, kiss, French-Greek A/P. Photo please. Sports fan, travel, bridge. George Tomlan, P.O. Box 890, Red Deer, Alberta, T4N SH3, CANADA

(2/96) INTERNATIONAL: W/Bi/M, 56, 5'-9", 150#, 6-1/2 uncut, grey-green eyes, brown hair, fit, likes arts, reading, music, theatre, sports, beaches, sense of humor. Sexually versatile, imaginative, erotic, horny, French and Greek A/P, HIV negative. Lives in permanent vacations between South America, Europe and U.S. No drugs, no SM, light drinking only. Jeans and tuxedos okay. Looking for slim, healthy, cultured, hedonistic, charming W/Bi/M, 55-70 (white hair a plus) to care for and spoil and enjoy good life together. **PAMPAS**

*[IMPORTANT NOTE: Send unsolicited photos at your own risk. We recommend that you do not include photos in your initial correspondence to models or advertisers who do not ask for them. If you have sent **solicited** photos to a model or advertiser and they are reluctant to return same, write them again and show copy to us at bottom. If you still don't receive your photos within a reasonable time, contact us and we will intervene. Notice to models and advertisers: we will not tolerate failure to return solicited photos when asked to do so. Responders: please make sure you fit an advertiser's guidelines before writing. The advertiser is under no obligation to answer responders who are not the type asked for. On the other hand, if you do fit the description and the advertiser ignores your letter, consider him a loser and write someone else.]*

COMMERCIAL ADVERTISING

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EMPLOYMENT

WANTED: Man in his 30s to help me build "Palms of Manasota," an Alternative Lifestyle Retirement Home in Sarasota, Florida. Must re-locate and must be willing to get a license at our expense to pilot a 45-foot yacht. Write to Bill Laing, Coordinator, Palms of Manasota, 2075 Main Street, Suite 5, Sarasota, FL 34237. Phone: (813) 955-0946. Fax: (813) 957-4165. (6/95)

LOST AND FOUND

TRYING TO LOCATE AN OLD FRIEND: Ron Clark, better known as ZIPPER, the CR model who has also appeared in two P.R. Simon videos, is trying to locate an old friend. He is originally from Iowa and Ohio. Ron and this man were friends in Moscow, Idaho, while the man was an instructor in R.O.T.C. His last name is Cox, for whom Ron painted a painting entitled, "Wood Ducks in Flight." If anyone knows his whereabouts, please ask him to contact Ron through CR. (6/95)

MASSAGE

MASSEUER EXTRAORDINAIRE in Long Beach with 45 years experience. Magic hands will make you long remember The Ultimate Massage. $40. Gene: (310) 987-4301, before 8:30 pm. (10/95)

ORGANIZATIONS

CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: Are you lonely? Are you ill-at-ease in this bustling, crime-ridden society? Are you seeking love, family, brotherhood, security, companionship, serenity and self-awareness? Do you yearn to be useful and productive among others like yourself? An independent Christian-Catholic monastic group is seeking interested applicants. We are an open, church-oriented society, but all men over 18 who are interested in peaceful coexistence are welcome to apply for consideration. Monastery residence or relocation are not a requirement. Currently ordained clergymen are especially welcome. Write to: Brother Benjamin Wade, Membership Clerk, The Chironian Brethren, P.O. Box 7158, Vallejo, CA 94590. (8/95)

MENTORS AND PROTÉGÉS: If you are an adult gay man who seeks permanent residency in the tranquil beauty of a secluded country retreat far removed from city hassles and the comfort of modern conveniences to be free to devote your life to love, to the maintenance of good health, and to the development of your talent, then please send S.A.S.E. for information packet to M.A.P., P.O. Box 11202, Eugene, OR 97440. Younger and older self-reliant adult gay men are equally welcome to apply. (6/95)

PUBLICATIONS

RAUNCH, AN AMATEUR NEWSLETTER of true male sex encounters, 4 issues yearly. Nos. 1 through 9 available now. $3.00 each; subscriptions $12 per year. Cash okay. State that you're over 21. Checks to Tom Stevens or Tom's Ranch, P.O. Box 44871, Phoenix, AZ 85064-4871. Your own true sex encounters invited. (8/95)

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FICTION

MY NAME'S NOT JAMIE

by KENNETH R. BURKE

Clay and I had lived together for almost two years when he found a new love, a man fifteen years his junior, as much younger than he as he was of me. Only after he had gone did I realize how much he meant to me. Everything reminded me of him as I ached with emptiness. Tears filled my eyes a dozen times a day as meaningless little things whispered his name—a tube of toothpaste flat in the middle, an opened pack of cream-filled Twinkies in the freezer, his souvenir ring (one of a pair we had won on a cruise to Cancun) in my Chinese lacquered trinket box. Stilettos that ambushed and pierced my heart.

I learned to protect myself by not looking back, learning to live alone again. I figured I was doing okay until I came across one of his Argyles, the heel worn thin, abandoned at the back of his dresser drawer. Without warning, I was back at square one. I pressed the sock to my eyes and let it soak up tears.

I had to do something to take control and get on with living. I decided on a weekend in Atlanta. I'd check out old haunts, make the round of a few bars. That's why I was sitting alone nursing a vodka and tonic at Banister's shortly before closing time.

Banister's was a piano bar at the edge of the business loop downtown, not far from my hotel. What made it special was Ricky, the pianist. In his early forties, he looked younger. His black hair made me think of a Schnauzer or Airedale with its crisp wiry curls at his forehead and around his ears. He had twinkling sapphire eyes and a velvety baritone voice that made you think he was performing for you alone.

It was early, the place half filled. From my table near the piano I had a view of the entrance, the other tables, and the door to the men's room. Everyone knows the routine: looking at new arrivals, checking out the action, the men's room, sometimes scoring. Occasionally, lasting relationships get launched on bar booze, but I figure the chances for that are less than hitting three bells with your first quarter in a slot machine.

Without doubt I was the oldest man there, so I knew that not many would be hitting on me. A few guys stopped at my table. I caught the eye of a man at the bar and ordered him a drink by way of introduction. He came to my table, and we talked for a while in generic terms. He was polite, but it was clear I was not what he had in mind.

I went to the men's room twice, but nothing came of it. The first guy, in his late forties or early fifties, wasn't impressed by what I had to show him. The second guy was younger, possibly in his late thirties. His dick was about the same six-inch size as mine, but uncut. The foreskin was short so the cockhead projected like an acorn in its cup.

"I like the looks of that," he said indicating my dick. He reached over and palmed it as I held his. It was good holding another man's dick in my fist after so long a time. He said he'd be meeting someone in the bar in a few minutes. But if I was planning to be around Atlanta for a few days, he'd be interested in setting something up for later in the week. I told him I was just here for a couple of days, but would be glad to exchange business cards and phone numbers with the hope of getting together next time I was in town.

I needed his encouragement. I had doubts of my ability to attract anyone anymore. It gives an old guy like me a terrific boost when a man half his age sees something to stir his crotch enough to suggest a little intimacy.

Early on, the friendly banter that passed between Doug, the bartender, and Ricky caught my attention. Doug was a six foot- two, burly, brute—perfect typecasting for a Northwest lumberjack. Just looking at his pecs and the blond hair peeping over his T-shirt made my dick rise. I was trying to figure out whether Ricky and Doug were lovers when God's-gift-to-mankind in muted blazer and slacks stepped into the bar. Doug lit up like fireworks on Chinese New Year. The love they shared was artlessly transparent.

Ricky's music had shifted from the 70s and 80s to golden oldies and show tunes of the 40s and 50s. He began to play "Paper Moon," a magic carpet that carried me back to a week long date in Key West with Clay, before we started to live together. We were having Irish coffee and holding hands under the table at a dinner theatre on a Gay Nineties Night. An old guy dressed like a bum sprinkled sand on the floor and did a soft-shoe shuffle as he sang "Paper Moon," the scritch, scritch of his shoes providing a rasping background rhythm to the rinky dink piano recording playing over the PA. Clay released my hand and started rubbing the inside of my thigh, working higher and higher.

"This is not make-believe for me. Is it make-believe for you, Kenny?" he asked.

I gripped his hand before it got to my crotch. "You know what that does to me," I said

He insisted. "Is it make-believe

for you?"

"Of course not. But don't make me get a hard-on here." He laughed. "Later maybe?"

"Later definitely. "

A three-quarter waning moon was just rising when we got back to the cottage we had rented for the week. We stripped down and Clay suggested we go out on the terrace and enjoy the night breeze from the Gulf. I suppose something from our primitive past makes sex out outdoors intensely erotic. Under a starry sky, even late at night when no one is around to see, kisses are sweeter, touches more thrilling. Katydids and crickets cried out in protest, outraged no doubt by the intimacy of menfolks in their midst. What we did together that evening was the beginning of a bonding that made our later time unbelievably wonderful.

"Paper Moon" was the last song Ricky played before his break. He must have noticed my far-away look. "Cheer up man," he said stopping by my table. "It's Saturday night. You're on the town."

I smiled wanly.

"Lonesome, huh?" he asked. "Things'll start picking up soon, just mark my word." Later, on his way back to the piano, he asked if I had any special request.

"You're doing OK by yourself," I told him. "I'm no judge of music," I added, "but your playing talks to me. If I seem distant, your songs have simply carried me off. But I hear every note."

"Thanks. It means a lot to know I'm getting through."

From then on I felt there was sort of a bond between us. Occasionally, he'd nod or smile at me when he made jokes with lyrics, or purposely messed up harmonics, or satirized numbers by well known singers from the past.

"Adobe Hacienda" reminded me of Acapulco when Clay and I went down for a week our first January together. The weather was perfect. A couple of little earthquakes jiggled things around for a bit, but Bloody Marys with double vodka either stilled the Earth or made us unaware of its tango beat. We spent idyllic days ogling plump young butts and bulging baskets on the strand, and watched night fall as a golden bay turned to wine, city lights providing it with a diadem of lights.

Ricky sang "Don't Get Around Much Anymore," re-creating a disco evening a year ago when Clay, dressed all in white, floated around like a midnight moth pollinating orchids. How tender and loving he was later in response to my urgent need. "September Song," "Baby, It's Cold Outside," "Sing Me a Sad Song," "Raindrops Keep Falling on my Head" all seemed to be written with special meaning for me.

At closing time, Ricky put everything he had in his rendition of Streisand's "The Way We Were." It made me cry thinking of the last Mardi Gras in New Orleans. Clay and I had two great years together. We'd sampled the best. I never dreamed anything so wonderful could have come my way so late in life. I should have known that when you burn a candle at both ends and glory in its light, there is a price: It cannot last, and when finally it flickers out, so much darker is the night.

At closing time, except for Ricky and me plus Doug and his friend whose name I learned was Mark, only two men remained. Then they left together, noticably unhappy in their choice. Ricky was collecting his sheet music when I went up and dropped a twenty in the kitty. I told him again how much I liked his style. I started to leave but, as an afterthought, turned back. "May I ask a personal question?"

He nodded.

"You put such feeling into the torch songs that I wonder if you've just lost your lover too."

"Five months ago," he said.

"It can be rough going sometimes. You're not living with anyone then? You haven't found someone new?"

"Yes and no." He nodded toward Doug and Mark. "Yes, I'm living with them. No, I haven't found anyone special, but then I haven't been looking."

It hadn't occurred to me earlier to make a pitch at Rick because I felt he was out of reach. "I know it's after one a.m.," I suddenly blurted, "but I'm not sleepy. Would you like to go someplace just to talk? It might do both of us good to know someone understands."

He looked at me quizzically.

"I'm not trying to hit on you," I said.

"I'd like to talk," he said. He turned to Doug. "We're going out for a snack. Don't wait up. I'll be in when I get in."

As we walked down the sidewalk, Ricky mentioned the Green Parrot. "It's just around the corner" he said, "a small all-night joint. I've had a yearning for a Reuben all evening and the Parrot's are the best."

It was almost two a.m. when we were settled in a booth and served our Reubens and coffee. A hanging lamp with a mosaic of colored glass chips cast a puddle of friendly light on the table, creating the right mood for intimate talk. Ricky spoke freely about himself. He was all music and theater and had lived in most major American cities plying his musical crafts. His education was more practical than formal, but he knew the arts and had many great stories to tell of experiences on the road.

In the disjointed dialogue, I learned about his lover. He was a bit younger then I and had lived and travelled with Ricky on and off for five seasons. Getting on in years, he wanted a more settled life. Ricky had talent and expected to make it big so couldn't give up his career. His life was a parade of gigs one after another. The separation was final, a no-fault situation. His former lover, now retired, had bought a comfortable place on the beach near Tarpon Springs. He had a new live-in friend near his own

age.

I was sorry for Ricky but glad to learn that his lover had been an older man. Age alone apparently would not exclude me from Ricky's affections. By the time we finished our second cup of coffee we had made great progress in getting to know each other.

"If you're ready to leave, let's go to your place," Ricky said.

My hotel was only a couple of blocks away. The clock in the lobby pointed to a quarter of three as we entered the elevator. The inviting sight of the turned back beds made me realize I was tired. I was sure Ricky was too. We both wanted baths. I suggested he take his shower first. Ricky was small but had the firm muscular body and tight round butt of a dancer. He had little body hair except some cow licks high on his chest. He had an uncut cock and balls of unremarkable size and shape. As he was drying himself, I went in and quickly bathed. When I come back to the bedroom, the light was off and Ricky lay in bed, an arm across his eyes.

"Want company?" I asked.

He threw off his top sheet to make room. He was naked and already hard. A rush of blood to my crotch left my legs feeling wobbly. In the dim light Ricky, naked and aroused, was beautiful. As I slipped in beside him, he put one arm under my head, the other around my body. I enfolded him and pressed my face in his still damp hair. Electric shocks like heat lightning raced through my body. It came almost as a surprise to find how sweet it was to hold a man in my arms again and feel him straining toward me with the same urgency I felt for him.

We kissed, our tongues touching, his lips like the softest silk. Maybe it was because it had been a long time since I had made love with a man, but I felt Ricky's kisses were the most intoxicating I'd ever tasted. We strained against each other, our dicks thrust hard against our bellies. Ricky responded to all my moods. He palmed my cock and started working its skin up and down. I took him in hand for a time and then turned around so we could easily suck each other's cocks. I stroked his hard shaft and chased his elusive balls around in their velvet sack. Oh, God, the wonder of tongueing his dick while the wet heat of his mouth went down on me. Both pliant and aggressive, Ricky both initiated and followed in perfect understanding. We moved quickly to a climax, then lay together enjoying the closeness we'd shared. I slipped away to get a warm wet cloth to sponge our bodies.

Ricky lay his head on my breast and I held him close as he drifted off in sleep. A mingling of contentment and sorrow filled me, the former the result of being with any man, the latter that the man was someone other than Clay. I must have moved then and disturbed Ricky's slumber for he snuggled closer and whispered, "Oh, Jamie, Jamie, I've missed you so."

I quenched the denial: "My name's not Jamie." Instead, I tightened my embrace, stroked the velvet smoothness of his back, and softly combed his unruly hair with my fingers. "Hush, baby," I said. "Don't fret."

My mind sped to the morrow. I knew I wanted this to be more than a one night stand. It would be a dream come true to have someone like Ricky with whom to share an endless procession of days. Had I hit three bells with my first quarter in the slot machine? Could Ricky be my new love?

Slow down, Kenny! I told myself. You've just lost a lover. You're too lonely to tell the difference between being in love and wanting to be loved again, prime for the quick rebound! Tonight is only make-believe, pale reflections from a paper moon drifting across a cardboard sea. As sweet as Ricky is, your world's are different. His is center stage in a carnival of lights; yours is in the top gallery, only to applaud. The two worlds have merely touched, nothing more.

Yet I argued with myself. How can anyone know what the outcome will be of two guys meeting? Who knows when it's make believe or real? Because of that, you've got to take a chance. If you lose your shirt betting a long shot, you just keep on playing and hope for a smile from Lady Luck.

It was four-thirty, the time roosters crow as streaks of dawn first mark the eastern sky. A new day had begun. I said to myself as much as to Ricky, "I know how much you miss him. I'll be your Jamie for tonight, and you be my Clay. Who knows, a night may come when you'll call for Ken and I for Ricky. Sleep sweet, sleep deep. Now is all we have for certain. Tomorrow must take care of itself."

KENNETH R. BURKE was inducted into the CR Hall of Fame during the Spring '95 Gathering for his contributions toward our literary credibility and overall success. He lives alone in North Carolina where he enjoys corespondence, travel, and meeting friends. He would enjoy hearing from readers who enjoy his stories. Write direct to P.O. box 428, Carrboro, NC 27510.

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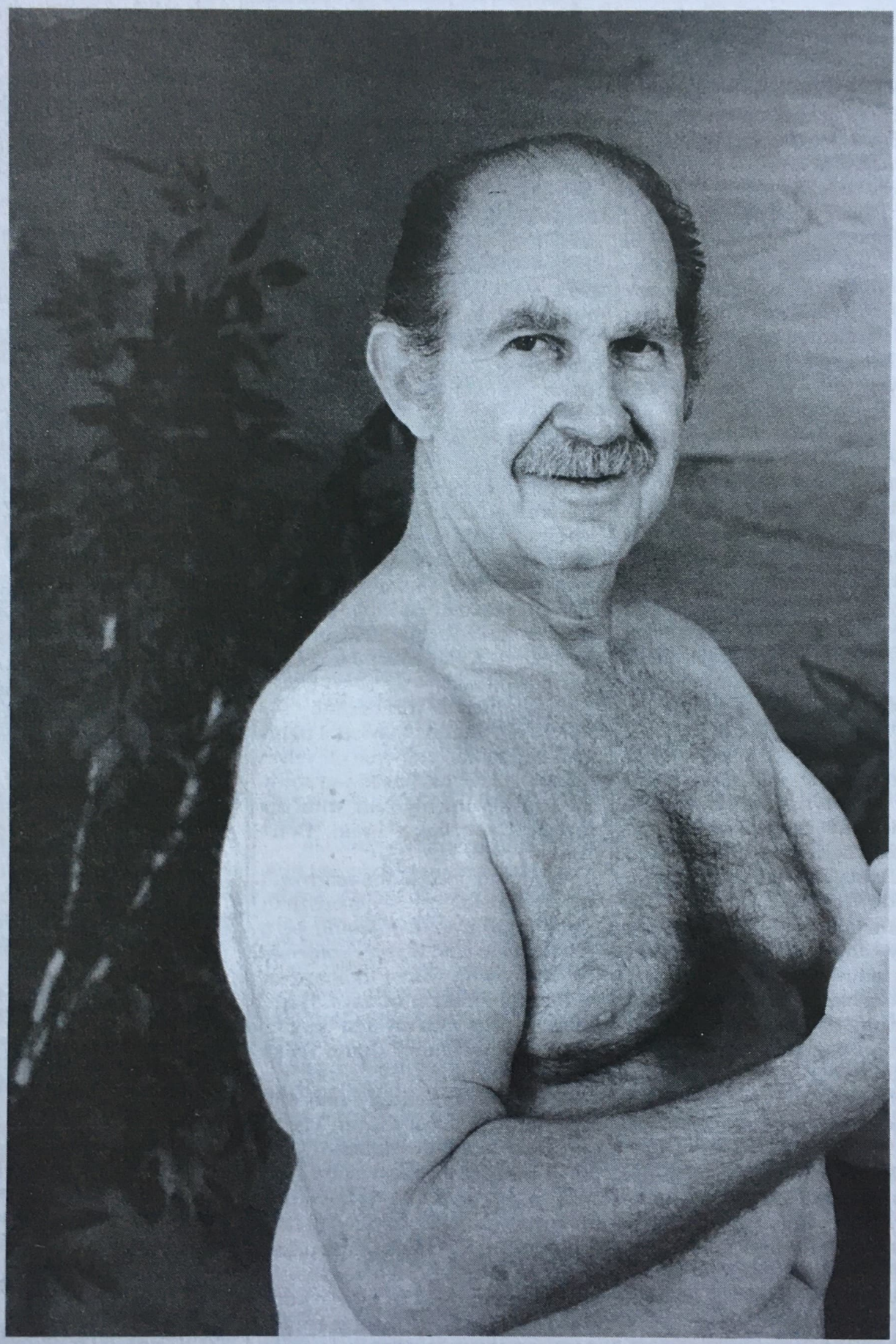

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MAKING OPEN RELATIONSHIPS WORK
By Papa Bear

Though applicable to both monogamous and open relationships, this article is directed toward the open partnership. If the reader is in a monogamous relationship and it works, go with it. There are ideas here for all of us to consider, no matter what kind of partnership we want to build. There is no question an open relationship is much more difficult to implement than a monogamous one. It doesn't just happen. It takes a lot of work and a great deal of maturity, but the outcome can be just as rewarding and meaningful as monogamy.

Over a year ago, I wrote an article on open relationships which included my formula: A+C+T+L= RPR (Awareness + Communication + Trust + Love = a Rewarding and Positive Relationship). Sounds easy, doesn't it? Well, it's not that easy. I found that out when I tried to put it into practice. Words are easy—it's the actual practice that separates the men from the boys.

I talked with a lot of couples at the Las Vegas Gathering, and discovered my article did not deal adequately with the feelings involved in open relationships. There are important emotions at work here—fear, jealousy and love being most important. Let's take a look at these emotions now.

FEAR - Fear is a necessary element in our lives. It is part of the maturing process and helps us stay alive and out of trouble. But it is also a most destructive emotion. Partners in intergenerational relationships fear different things, and these differences affect the success of the relationship. Older (I like to say more mature) men have had many years to develop patterns for living. Thus:

1) They fear the loss of body functions and the health problems that accompany the aging process. They fear the loss of (for no better word) handsomeness. Older men know how they feel, and how they think they look, and they often worry that they are no longer attractive.

2) They fear they are set in their ways, and it is often difficult to change lifestyles and living patterns.

3) They fear the loss of their younger partners to men with more money, fancy cars, better bodies, etc.

4) They fear the natural slowdown of their sex drive, while their younger partners are still going strong.

5) They fear their younger partners will pick up AIDS during their outside experiences.

[Younger partners, please note the above five points.]

Younger men have their own concerns:

1) They are anxious about the appearance of the relationship. Are they being considered hustlers, taking advantage of an older man?

2) They feel guilty about their natural desire to go places and do things, especially athletic activities, things their partners no longer want to do, or in some cases, no longer can do.

3) They are concerned about the extent of their sex lives. Guilt walks hand in hand with fear in this situation and often causes problems for the younger partner. Sometimes it is difficult to be discreet.

4) They worry about the health of their older partners.

5) They fear their older partner may contract AIDS during outside experiences.

[Older partners, please note the above five points]

Ask yourselves about your fears. Identify them, and you will be better able to control them.

JEALOUSY - Webster defines jealousy as:

1) intolerance of rivalry,

2) disposed to suspect rivalry or unfaithfulness,

3) apprehension of the loss of another's exclusive devotion,

4) distrustfully watchful, suspicious.

Next to anger, this is the most destructive of all emotions. Each individual must deal with it on his own level. Awareness that one is jealous is most important and is a first step to controlling this emotion. The awareness that a partner is jealous is equally important and should be discussed openly. How many of us have talked together with our partners about jealousy without accusations or being judgmental? We need to ask ourselves what fear motivates our jealousy. If one understands what is motivating it, jealousy is often easier to control.

LOVE - Love is the most complex of all emotions. We all know what it is, but few of us know what it is all about. Books have been written on this subject, so we will only look at the functioning surface of that emotion as it applies in this situation. During the years I worked as a marriage counselor, I usually gave couples assignments during the first session. They were to write a paragraph defining their idea of what love means to them. Putting things down on paper is difficult, but this endeavor will not be suc-

cessful without pencil and paper. Then we discussed that definition together. You can do the same thing with your partner.

In the next session, we wrote a paragraph or two on how we put that definition into practice. That too was discussed in open conversation. I offer readers this challenge: Do these assignments with your partner. Then sit down together and discuss them. You will be surprised at the results.

STEPS TO IMPROVING OPEN RELATIONSHIPS:

How does one deal with emotions like fear, jealously and love? Through communication and trust and love. Please note that love is part of the problem and part of the solution. An angry confrontation is not communication. Communication is sitting down, without the radio or TV, and calmly discussing problems. Emotions will still be present, but they can be under control. It is very difficult to change an existing pattern of bickering and quarreling, but if you want to change it badly enough, it can be done. Discuss what you want from each other, what you NEED from your partner. It will not hurt a relationship for one partner to say, "I need you for the next couple of days, just to be with me," or "I need to hear you say that you love me," or "the mess you make in the kitchen really gets to me" or whatever you need to say. Be honest when you express your wants and needs to each other. Don't expect your partner to be a mind reader.

Try not to go into a discussion with the conviction that you are not going to change or bend, and that your partner is at fault. Though we hate to admit it, we cannot be "right" all the time. Ask yourself the important question, "How much of myself do I want to give to this relationship?" When you can honestly answer that, you will be on your way to a solution to whatever problems may exist, and your relationship will grow stronger, or as it should in some cases, end. There are times when two people, though they may love each other, should not live together.

Trust is a key element in expressing love in an open relationship. In an age of bias, corruption and cynicism, trust is no easy thing. Can you say to your partner, "I trust you not to make a fool out of me; I trust you not to deliberately hurt me; I trust you to be discreet; I trust you when you say, `I love you'"? Being discreet is difficult for all of us, but especially for younger men. Sneaking off for sex when you are with your partner at parties or public gatherings is not being discreet, no matter what your age. Neither is necking and open-mouth kissing under the same circumstances, but this is often done, especially at private parties. Being discreet is coming to an occasion with your partner, being a part of the party WITH HIM, and leaving with him. There are other times and places for PRIVATE outside activities.

With all this comes the underlying fact that we should understand what we need, when we need it, and how our needs affect our partners. We have to know and understand ourselves before we can know and understand another.

Open, tolerant communication is how we come to know each other. Basic honesty with ourselves and others, combined with all the love and understanding and trust we can give to our partner, can improve a nervous relationship, or make a good relationship even stronger.

PAPA BEAR, an inductee into the CR Hall of Fame during the Spring '95 Gathering, was also a very popular workshop speaker. His workshop was patterned around the above essay. PAPA BEAR lives near Guerneville, California, with his lifemate BABY BEAR. Together they own and operate the famous bed and breakfast (and popular CR retreat), The House of a Thousand Flowers

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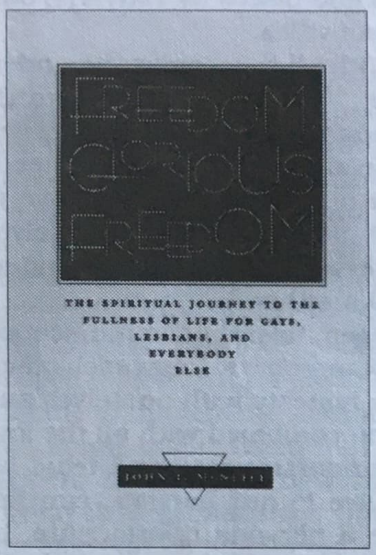

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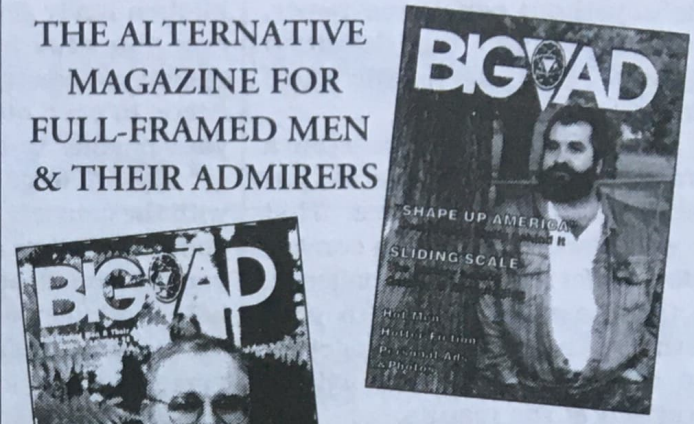

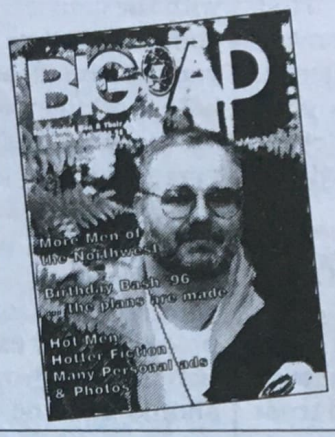

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The MATURE MAN'S Line

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ONLY
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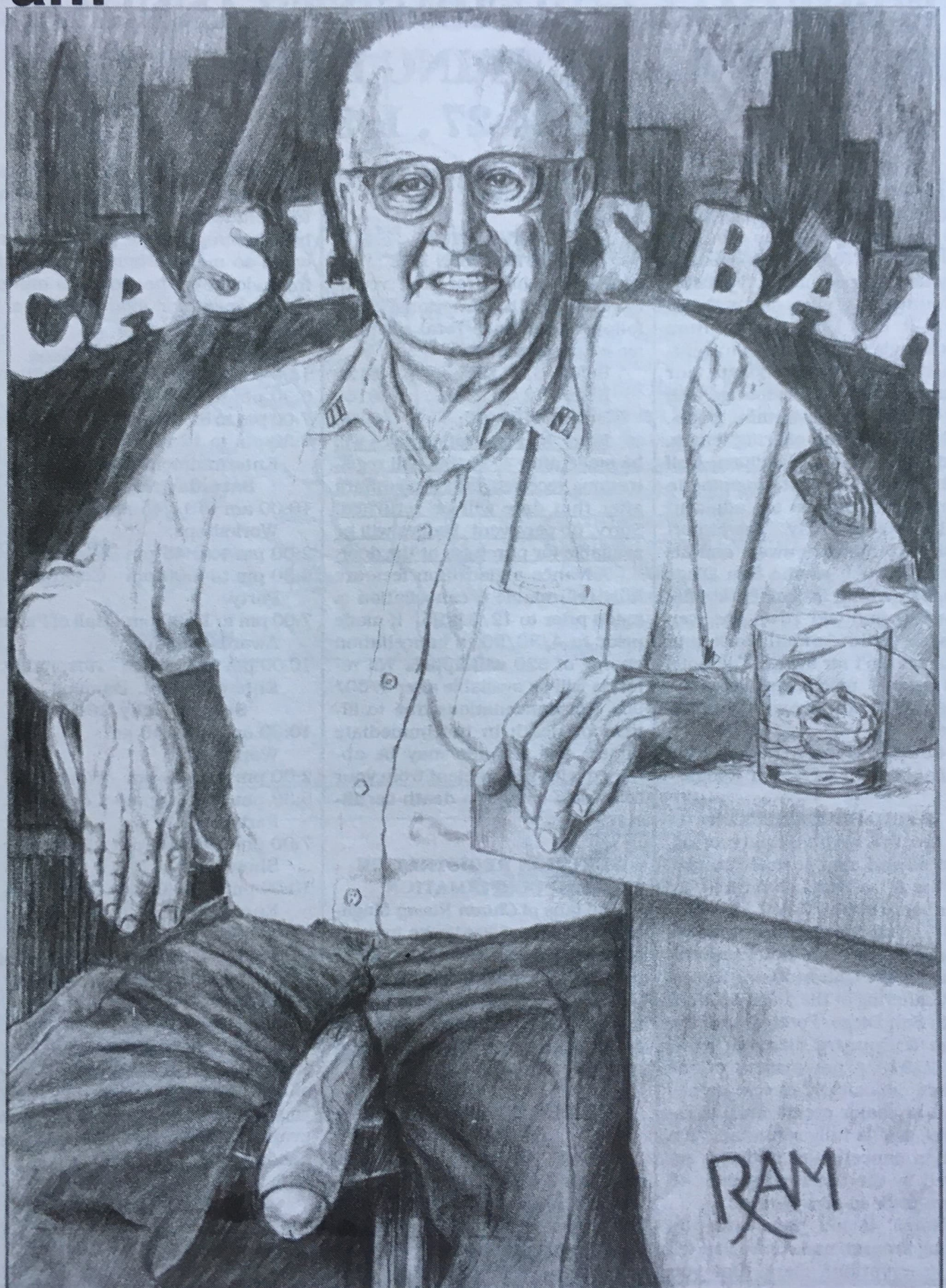


AS THE BAR WAS CLOSING, IT FINALLY DAWNED ON ME WHY THE CAPTAIN WAS BUYING ME DRINKS ALL EVENING.

FIRST CALL FOR THE SIXTH ANNUAL CR SPRING GATHERING IN SAN DIEGO! MAY 24-27 , 1996

THE HOST HOTEL

Is the Town & Country Hotel and Convention Center, located at 500 Hotel Circle North in exquisite San Diego. Situated on 32 beautifully landscaped acres, the Town & Country is truly a city within a city. It has 1,000 rooms from ranch-style garden rooms to penthouse suites. It also boasts four restaurants, a rooftop lounge with live music, four swimming pools, and a health club offering tennis, racquetball and spa facilities. Golf and some of the best shopping in Southern California are adjacent to the hotel property. The airport is only 10 minutes away, and attractions such as the San Diego Zoo, Sea World, Balboa Park, Mission Bay and Old Town are even closer. Wild Animal Park and Mexico aren't far away. The hotel has offered us special rates for single to quad occupancy as follows:

$80 for Garden Rooms (345 available); $90 for Tower Rooms

HOTEL RESERVATIONS

Are the responsibility of attendees and may be made by calling the Atlas Hotel chain toll-free number, (800) 77-ATLAS (772-8527). Tell the operator that you would like to make hotel reservations for the Chiron Rising Spring '96 Gathering at the Town & Country in San Diego. Foreign: call the Town & Country direct at (619) 291-7131. A prepayment of one night's deposit (by check, money order or major credit card) is required and is fully refundable if a written cancellation notice is received by the hotel more than 48 hours prior to arrival time.

Note: If you have difficulty getting around, make sure you tell the reservations clerk that you would like to be housed near the convention center.

CONVENTION REGISTRATION FEE

Pay the hotel for your room. Pay CR for the functions. The following advance total package fee is per person:

Before 8/31/95:	$120
Before 12/31/95:	$140
Before 4/30/96:	$160

Note: No registration sales will be made after 4/30/96. All registrations received with a postmark after that date will be returned. Sorry, no per-event badges will be available for purchase at the door.

Advance registration fees are fully refundable if cancellation is made prior to 12/31/95. If made prior to 4/30/96, a cancellation charge of $20 will apply. No refunds will be available after 4/30/96. For cancellations due to illness or death in the immediate family, full refunds may be obtained with a statement from your M.D. or a copy of a death certificate.

FUNCTION REGISTRATION AND CONFIRMATION

All fans of *Chiron Rising* Magazine and their friends are invited; however, we do reserve the right to refuse registration to past troublemakers. Registration must be made using the form provided. Additional forms are available upon request

TENTATIVE SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

(Note: All events will utilize cash bars, which means that attendees must pay for their own beverages except for hospitality room coffee and beverages served with meals. CR will provide hors d'oeuvres during cocktail parties and receptions. We feel it is unfair to include the high cost of alcoholic beverages in the package price when so many attendees abstain from alcohol. The money is much better spent for food and entertainment.)

Friday, May 24th

1:00 pm to 4:00 pm - Registration
5:30 pm to 7:00 pm - Reception.
7:00 pm to 8:30 pm - ThemeBuffet.
8:30 pm to 12 m -Hospitality, Entertainment and Dancing.

Saturday, May 25th

10:00 am to 11:45 am - Workshops.
2:00 pm to 2:45 pm - Workshop.
5:30 pm to 7:00 pm - Cocktail Party.
7:00 pm to 10:00 pm - Hall of Fame Awards Banquet.
10:00 pm to 12:00 m - Hospitality, Entertainment, Dancing

Sunday, May 26th

10:00 am to 11:45 am - Workshops.
2:00 pm to 2;45 pm - Workshop
5:30 pm to 7:00 pm - Cocktail Party.
7:00 pm to 10:00 pm - Dinner Show
10:00 pm to 12:00 m - Hospitality, Entertainment, Dancing

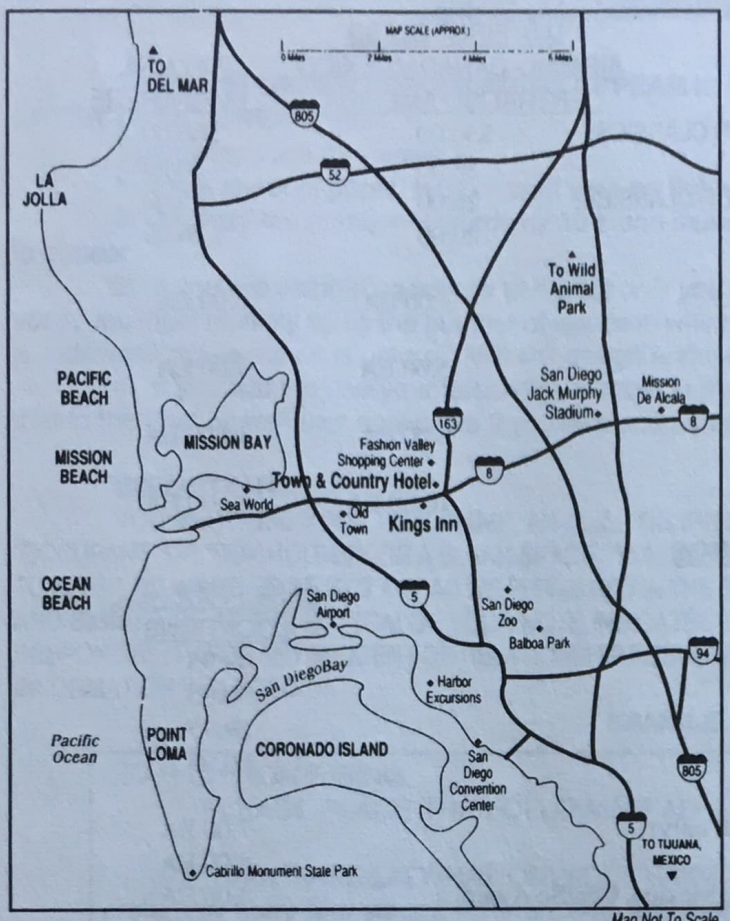
Monday, May 27th

9:00 am to 10:30 am - Continental Breakfast. Announcements, farewells.

ACT NOW

Ask anyone who's been to one of our gatherings, and they'll tell you that there is no better vacation available anywhere. Don't let life pass you by.

SEE YOU THERE!

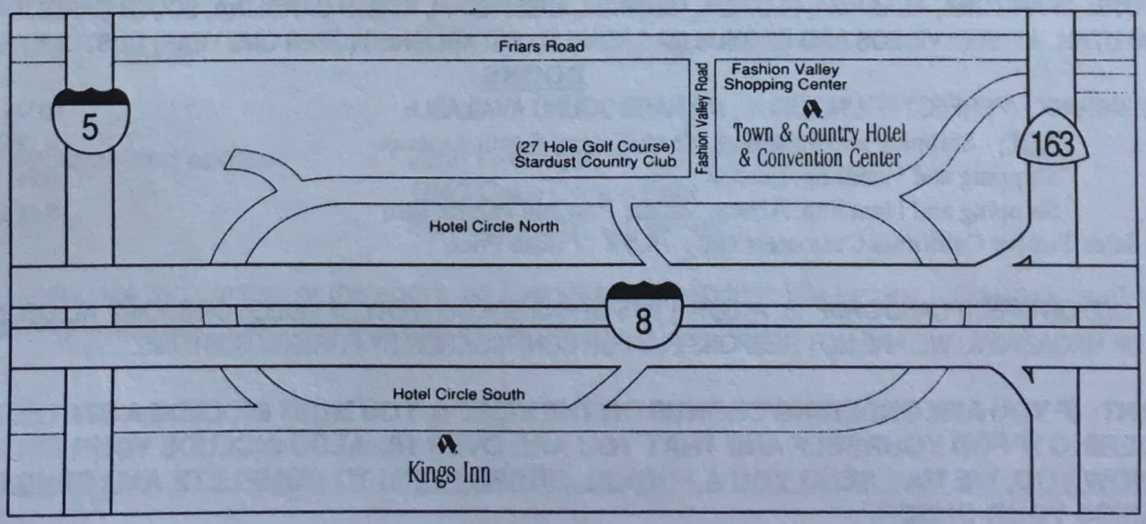


Map Not To Scale

Town & Country Hotel In The Heart Of America's Finest City

DISTANCE FROM MAJOR SITES & ATTRACTIONS:

- Old Town San Diego State Park ..... 2 Miles
- Spectacular Mission Bay ..... 3 Miles
- Fabulous Sea World ..... 3 Miles
- World Famous San Diego Zoo ..... 3 Miles
- Balboa Park Museums & Galleries ..... 4 Miles
- San Diego Jack Murphy Stadium ..... 4 Miles
- Mission San Diego de Alcala ..... 5 Miles
- San Diego International Airport ..... 5 Miles
- San Diego Bay & Harbor Tours ..... 5 Miles
- Cabrillo Monument State Park ..... 6 Miles
- San Diego Convention Center ..... 8 Miles
- Coronado Island ..... 11 Miles
- Del Mar Thoroughbred Race Track ..... 15 Miles
- San Diego Wild Animal Park ..... 18 Miles
- Tijuana, BC, Mexico ..... 20 Miles



PRICE LIST AND ORDERING INSTRUCTIONS

SIMPLY DROP US A NOTE AND TELL US WHAT YOU WANT FROM THE FOLLOWING LIST:

MAGAZINES

SUBSCRIPTIONS	U.S. FIRST CLASS AIRMAIL- CANADA/MEXICO CENTRAL/SO AMERICA	AIR MAIL ELSEWHERE
8 ISSUES - six bimonthly issues of CR and two semiannual issues of CR CLASSICS.	$50.00	$66.00
6 ISSUES - six bimonthly issues of CR only.	38.00	50.00
4 ISSUES - three bimonthly issues of CR and one semiannual issue of CR CLASSICS.	26.00	35.00
3 ISSUES - three bimonthly issues of CR only.	20.00	26.00
CR - REGULAR BACK ISSUES		
#57, #58, #59, #60, #61, #62, #63, #64, #65, #66, #67	3.00 EA	6.00 EA
CR CLASSICS - SEMIANNUAL SPECIAL ISSUES		
#2, #3, #4, #5	5.00 EA	7.00 EA
CR CLASSICS - SEMIANNUAL SPECIAL ISSUES		
#6	8.00 EA	10.00 EA
CRONUS - ANNUAL ISSUE		
#1	10.00 EA	12.00 EA

VIDEOS

	BASE PRICE, ALL LOCATIONS
QUADRAPLEX (VHS-NTSC)	49.95
QUADRAPLEX (VHS-PAL)	50.95
MOJAVE (VHS-NTSC)	59.95
MOJAVE (VHS-PAL)	60.95
ADD SHIPPING AND HANDLING:	
Certified Mail To U.S. P.O. Boxes (where legal, only)	7.00 EA
UPS - Continental U.S.	4.00 EA
Priority Mail - HI, AK, PR; First Class Canada, Mexico, Cen/So America	4.00 EA
Air Mail Postage - Europe	6.00 EA
Air Mail Postage - Africa, Middle East and Pacific Rim	8.00 EA
Sales Tax for California Customers Only - 8.5% of Base Price	

(Note: VHS-NTSC is the system used in North America and Japan. VHS-PAL is used in Europe and Australia. VHS-SECAM is not available.)

NOTE: IN ARIZONA, ALABAMA, FLORIDA, GEORGIA, MISSISSIPPI, NORTH CAROLINA, SOUTH CAROLINA, TENNESSEE, TEXAS AND UTAH, WE SHIP VIDEOS AND CRONUS MAGAZINE TO ESTABLISHED (OVER ONE YEAR) CUSTOMERS ONLY .

BOOKS

QUINCUNX - (PERFECT BOUND ONLY - NO HARD BOUND AVAILABLE	10.95 EA
ADD - Shipping and Handling, North/Central/South America	4.00 EA
Shipping and Handling, Europe	6.00 EA
Shipping and Handling, Africa, Middle East and Pacific Rim	8.00EA
Sales Tax for California Customers Only - 8.5% of Base Price	

SORRY, NO COD OR CREDIT CARD ORDERS. ALLOW 3 TO 5 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY OF VIDEOS OR BOOKS. ALLOW 2 TO 4 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY OF MAGAZINES. WE ARE NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR CONFISCATION BY FOREIGN CUSTOMS.

IMPROTANT: IF YOU ARE ORDERING CRONUS OR THE VIDEOS, YOU MUST INCLUDE A STATEMENT THAT YOU ARE ORDERING IT FOR YOURSELF AND THAT YOU ARE OVER 18. ALSO INCLUDE YOUR BIRTHDATE. IF WE DON'T KNOW YOU, WE MAY SEND YOU A FORMAL ORDER FORM TO COMPLETE AND SEND BACK BEFORE WE PROCESS YOUR ORDER.

Carefully itemize your purchase and make sure your name and address are PRINTED and legible. Enclose check or money order in U.S. funds (postal money order or American Express Moneygram only from overseas—no checks unless through U.S. banks), payable to CHIRON RISING. Send cash (U.S.$,DM, £, ¥, C$, A$) at your own risk; it should be mailed well-disguised via certified mail. Mail to CHIRON RISING PUBLICATIONS, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

VIPs, DON'T FORGET YOUR 10% DISCOUNT ON THE PURCHASE OF CRONUS!

HOW TO ORDER A CLASSIFIED AD

NOTE: IN ORDER FOR AN AD TO APPEAR IN ISSUE #69(AUG '95), IT MUST BE RECEIVED AT CR NO LATER THAN JUNE 15, 1995.

Instructions are as follows:

1. On a sheet of paper, type or print your ad the way you want it to appear in CR, then figure your cost.
2. Multiply the number of words by 30 ¢ and multiply that times the number of issues in which you want the ad to appear.
3. If you are using a codeword *(An alias only you and we know. We receive your mail, decode and forward to you)*, you must multiply $5 by the number of issues in which you want the ad to appear and add to the total. If you do use a codeword, make sure it is unique. We will assign another name if your particular codeword has already been taken.
4. If you want to use your telephone number in the ad, you must include $5 for a one time verification and add that to the total as well (not applicable if you've placed an ad with your telephone number in the past year).

IMPORTANT:

YOU MUST USE YOUR REAL NAME, AN ALIAS OR INITIALS IF YOU USE A P.O. BOX. WE WILL NOT ALLOW THE USE OF "OCCUPANT" OR "BOX HOLDER" OR A BLANK SPACE. YOU MAY NOT PLACE AN AD FOR SOMEONE ELSE. WE RESERVE THE RIGHT TO ALTER, RE-WRITE OR REJECT ANY AD WE FEEL IS NOT IN THE BEST INTEREST OF THIS PUBLICATION. YOUR REAL NAME, ADDRESS AND SIGNATURE AT THE BOTTOM OF YOUR NOTE INDICATES THAT YOU AUTHORIZE THE PRINTING OF THE AD AND TAKE FULL RESPONSIBILITY FOR ANY INCIDENT OR RELATIONSHIP RESULTING THEREFROM. YOUR AD WILL NOT BE PUBLISHED WITHOUT THIS INFORMATION INCLUDED.

SAMPLE AD ORDER

DEAR CHIRON RISING,

PLEASE PLACE THE FOLLOWING AD IN YOUR NEXT AVAILABLE ISSUE UNDER UTAH:

"SALT LAKE CITY/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 66, 5'-8", 187#, bald with white fringe, seeks 30-65, preferably hairy and stocky, for friendship and more. I enjoy skiing, hiking, camping, fishing, cooking, traveling, and gardening. Your photo (will return) and telephone number will get a prompt reply. Write: J.D., 1840 Calle Donde Esta, Salt Lake City, UT 84199, or call (801) 555-1212."

50 words @ 30 ¢ = $ 15.00 X 3 Issues =	$45.00
Telephone confirmation	5.00
Total Enclosed	$50.00

My name and address: John Derringer
1840 Calle Donde Esta
Salt Lake City, UT 84199

I authorize the printing of the above ad and take full responsibility for any incident or relationship resulting therefrom. I am over the age of 18.

Signed: _____

ORDERS NOT USING THE ABOVE FORMAT WILL BE RETURNED. PLEASE NOTE THAT WE DO NOT SEND NOTICES OUT THAT YOUR AD IS EXPIRING. THE DATE PRECEDING YOUR AD IS YOUR EXPIRATION DATE.

VIPs, DON'T FORGET YOUR 10% DISCOUNT ON ADS!

IN CLOSING

Since this issue is already two weeks late because of the Gathering crunch, I will forgo agonizing for three days over another attempt at profundity. Instead, I will share some of my reflections about the event in Orlando. They are but glimpses, for I've yet to come down from the experience in search of words to accurately describe it.

Registration. A surprise! Over 300 men show up with the intent of buying badges at the door, throwing us into chaos (we expect no more than 50!). Only 820 had preregistered, so the "purchase badge line" is clogged. Staffer SHORTY goes through hell but pulls it off. KIM & HAM HOCK man the A-E line, which should have been the A-C line (my mistake). Lesson: Stick to pre-paid only. No surprises, chaos or long lines.

The Reception. *Porcile!* The first three hundred men to enter the Friday reception converge upon the hors d'oeuvres tables, many walking away with food piled five inches high. The last three hundred to enter see the empty food trays and vent their rage at me. Hastily-ordered extra food is brought in on serving trays which are attacked at the entrances like a cow carcass in a Piranha-infested river. Shades of Las Vegas with the shrimp fiasco. Lesson: Always follow a reception with a great dinner and cut out expensive hors d'oeuvres. Two bitch queens (not C-Risers) complain that their cocktails aren't free. DENNY overhears and buys their drinks. Not even a thank-you.

The Cabaret. The Piranhas come out of the water. A group of acid-tongued "music critics" (not C-Risers) harass one of our singers in the cabaret. The young singer is committed to his obligation to us in spite of the fact that his older lover is scheduled for open-heart surgery. Young singer keeps a stiff upper lip and, professional that he is, brings the house down the following night. The "critics" are strangely silent. Lesson: Future staff/entertainers/speakers will be instructed to report harassers, who will be expelled.

For me, the rest of the convention is sheer bliss. All my boys did super good!

Hosts CHARLIE CHIARELLI, DENNY, BIG MAC, BABY BEAR, PHOTOMATE, CARL LAWRENCE, THE VIKING, RON M., SHORTY, GENE WAGNER, BAREKAT, KIM, HAM BONE, GEORGIE BEAR and JERRY M. work their butts off and love every minute of it.

Workshop Speakers PAPA BEAR, PARSON BROWN, PROFESSOR RICK, PATRICK O'CONNOR and JOHN J. McNEILL are fantastic, and some even get standing ovations. Workshop Supervisor BAY AREA TOP keeps things running smoothly.

Security Supervisor GARY BLOWERS, along with Orlando Police Officers JOE and JIM, make sure that nothing gets out of hand. I only hear of one altercation, and that is up in the rooms (Police weren't called, and the hotel never knew), where a certain psycho bully gets the shit kicked out of him when he tries to get tough with a young ex-Marine C-Riser.

Principal photographer PHOTOMAN gets in an unbelievable amount of shots and videotapes the highlights of the entire gathering. He also does a group shot from atop the hotel's restaurant.

C-Riser Entertainers FURRY DADDY, RALPH INTORCIO, JAY B., PAUL C., SONSHINE, SEAN O'NEILL, DAVID S., U.K. COWBOY, THE JUGGLING FIREEATER, and entertainment director MARSHAL bring the house down with awesome performances. But let's not forget the performances behind the scene from a volunteer spotter and a volunteer sound man—both C-Risers. All receive a rousing standing ovation after the Saturday night show.

Sunday night, we hold the first inductions into the CR Hall of Fame, and it is one of the most moving events I've ever witnessed. Honored are BAY AREA TOP, DENNY, BIG MAC (who shows up in a wheelchair after having barely survived a horrible auto accident in April), GARY BLOWERS, KEN BURKE, CHARLIE CHIARELLI, JOHN McNEILL, JOEL, HERMAN THE GERMAN, THE COLONEL, QUETZAL, CARL LAWRENCE, THE VIKING, PHOTOMAN, MARSHAL, ROB DADEO, D.R. BRECKENRIDGE, PAPA BEAR, BRUCE VAUGHAN, GENE WAGNER, GIRAFFE and BAREKAT. Honored posthumously are KENN RICHIE, KENT JUSTICE, SKUA, and THE RED BARON. A surprise award is given PAPA BEAR by his lifemate BABY BEAR. It is a plaque honoring him with the title of "FATHER OF THE CR GATHERINGS." Tears flow in abundance as inductees tell of their losses, their new loves, their great desire to see CR live on and prosper. I can't imagine anyone leaving without feeling better about themselves.

I certainly do. I discuss incorporation with our attorney and start the ball rolling. I hire a man for the Operations Manager spot. I make a deal with a C-Riser screenwriter who will soon do a screenplay based on my novel *Zones*. I call the Town & Country Hotel in San Diego and warn them that their switchboards would soon light up like a Christmas tree.

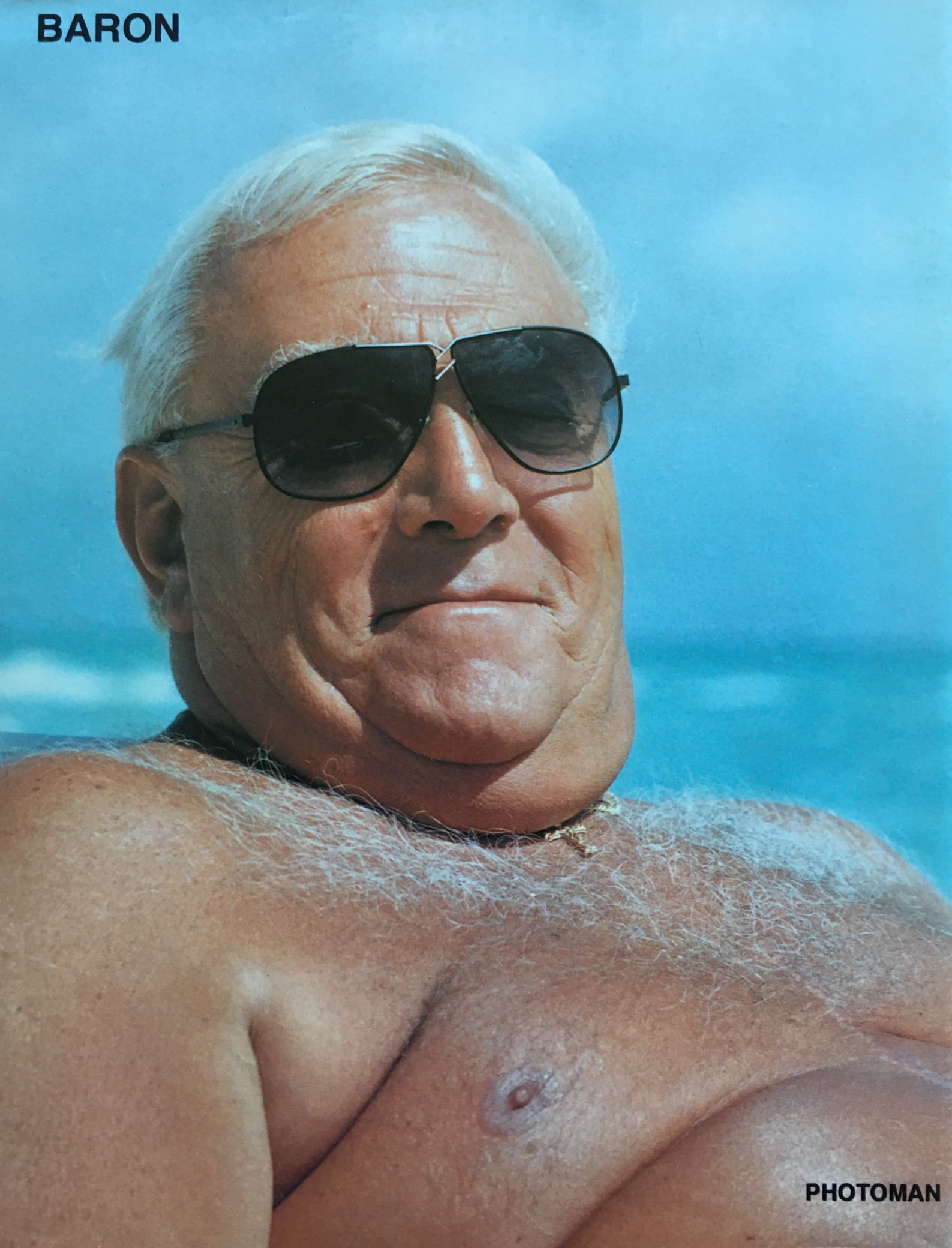
Now, all I have to do is catch up.

Have a great summer!

Pat, Bruce and all the Staff

PALM SPRINGS TOM

PHOTOMAN


BARON
PHOTOMAN